

American

DECEMBER 1954

MERCURY

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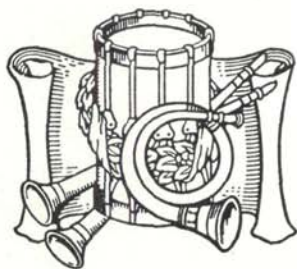
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THE HERITAGE of our Christian forefathers is today in deadly peril. The AMERICAN MERCURY is dedicated to the task of fighting for the things that have made this country great, and of striving to protect our institutions. To that end we have engaged the nation's best-informed writers on domestic and world affairs. This is your fight too. The MERCURY cannot do it alone.

We have given our readers the almost unbelievable facts of the Communist danger to our homeland — both in and out of government.

We have printed cold, harsh, provable facts that have made the MERCURY the nation's most quoted magazine.

We have given you truth and facts. They have been carefully prepared and documented by the finest authorities in the world.

These facts must be made available to every American who wants the truth and wants to do something about it.

Won't you pass your copy of the MERCURY along to a friend and get additional subscribers? Why not get a supply of our reprints (see inside back cover) and see that they get into good hands? If you will send us the names of from one to five friends, we shall be glad to send them a free copy of the MERCURY and they may judge for themselves.

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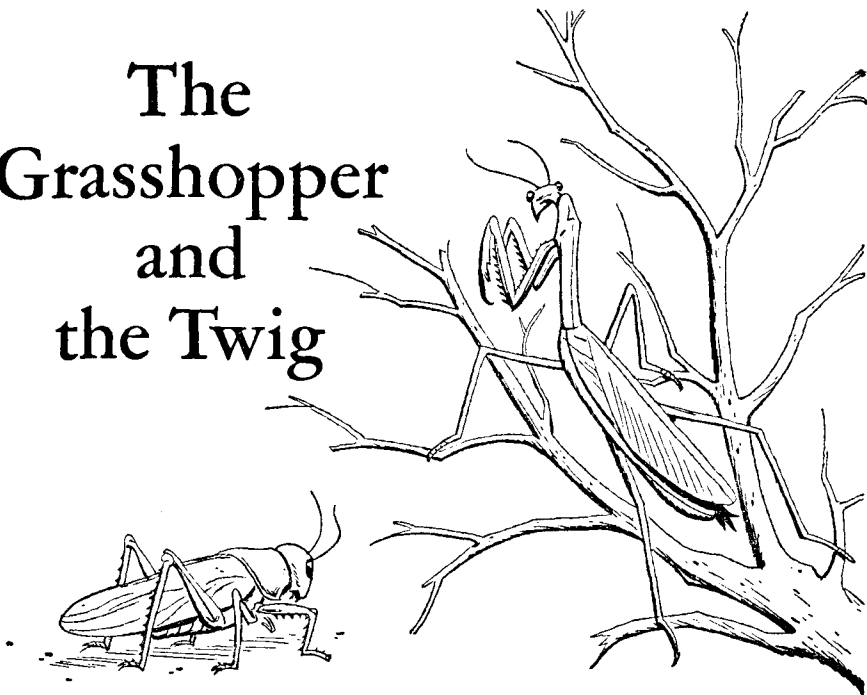
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FREEDOM IS YOUR HERITAGE! Protect It Now!

The Grasshopper and the Twig



TO the bulging eyes of the grasshopper it was just a spray of green young twigs, full of sap and spring.

The next instant one of the twigs lunged forward. The 'hopper was clamped in a pair of vise-like arms. The Praying Mantis, twig-shaped hunter of the insect world, began to dine.

Natural camouflage is not restricted to insects. Human "twigs", too, disguise their deadliness. Communists look and act and talk just like other people.

If we as individuals cannot penetrate the Communists' disguise, how can we possibly combat them?

The answer is so simple it is widely ignored. We can keep them out of

positions of trust, where they can really harm us—simply by being *in* those positions of trust ourselves.

It means that many more of us must make the same kind of extra effort the Communists willingly make. It means ordinary citizens getting into active politics, joining civic organizations, doing the jobs the Communists would *like* to do.

It means work, no two ways about it. But if true Americans don't do it, Communists gladly will.

And it's work by which we could provide a powerful defense against our perfectly-disguised enemies, the Communists.

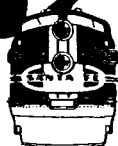
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We Can't Do Business with **MOSCOW**

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

Now is the time for the United States to make a second Declaration of Independence. No document such as was written by the vigorous-minded Thomas Jefferson of Virginia is required. Rather is the need an act or series of acts similar to those of President Thomas Jefferson when he dealt with the Barbary pirates. It consists in an awakening by the American government to the realities of life at the end of 1954, to a recovery from the opium-like dream that we can do business with Moscow. It can be spelled out in a simple

sentence — a firm, clear American international policy, which will actually win us allies and bring back to us the world moral leadership we have lost.

Not the least consideration happens to be that such a policy would save the United States from becoming a satellite of the world Soviet dictatorship, which is of considerable importance to us all.

The beginning of wisdom in following this course is the breaking off of all relations with Soviet Russia and its satellite regimes and the expulsion of these enemies of the United

States from the United Nations.

A non-partisan resolution to this effect will confront the new Congress when it convenes in January, a resolution introduced by Senator Jenner of Indiana and the late Senator McCarran of Nevada. Now, when the Senators and Representatives are back home, supposedly listening to the voices from the grass roots, is an excellent moment to remind them that the United States should begin to end the Dean Acheson trend of drift and defeat by the adoption of this resolution.

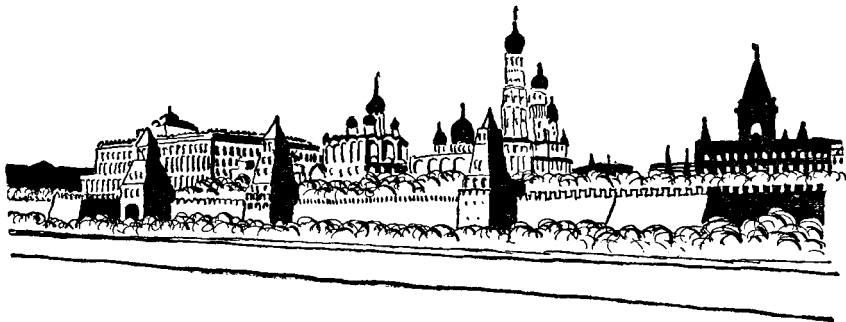
Pursuit of the mirage that we could negotiate ourselves into peace with the Kremlin, that we could ease tensions by building up the Soviet war machine through trade, and that we could persuade the Soviet dictator, Malenkov, to be "reasonable," has ended in failure. The European Defense Community, based on the naïve idea that we could "contain" Soviet aggression and thereby make the masters of the Kremlin become peaceful, has blown up in our faces. The Southeast Asia Alliance becomes enfeebled by our respect for our "allies," which leads to the exclusion from the negotiations of the two best fighters against Communism in Asia, Chiang Kai-shek of China and Syngman Rhee of Korea. The promises of Dean Acheson's State Department that if we did not win the war in Korea there would be no further Soviet aggression has proved to be a fairy tale. Not only did the Korean truce

permit the Communists to assault Indo-China, but now Chou En-lai threatens Formosa and also incidentally shakes his fist at "American imperialism."

All these acts are in accord with Stalin's program of October, 1952, to bring about "contradictions" among the Western powers. They also fit in with the Communist call of May Day, 1953, to the peoples of Asia to turn upon the United States, since it had been defeated "by sea, land, and air" by the "little Korean nation." The loss of Europe and the collapse of Asia before the Kremlin stand out as distinct possibilities, threatening the security of the United States.

THE United States can cut through this sorry mess and give a call to the peoples of the world in one way only — by an official step which will put the brand of outlaw on Soviet Russia and its satellites. Experience should teach us the necessity of such a measure. To cite very recent history, the Kremlin set up a great din throughout the world by means of its fifth columns that "Big Power negotiations" would ensure peace. The United States, still hoping to do missionary work with Malenkov, obliged by going to Berlin, where the Soviet delegation placed every obstacle possible in the way of any reasonable or peaceful proposals.

The sole outcome of the Berlin conference was the acceptance, at Soviet Russia's own insistence, of a



“Five Power Meeting” with Red China present — which had likewise been shouted from the rooftops by the Communists throughout the world. Accordingly, the United States went to Geneva, and came out badly battered, with our “allies” deserting us at the conference. As the major result of Geneva, France yielded to Soviet pressure, left us in the lurch in Europe, and a great chunk of Indo-China came under Communist control.

So bad had conditions become by early September, 1954, that the Associated Press — which has some obligation to keep up American morale — distributed an article on Asia saying that everything was lost and nothing could be done about it. The author was Bill Boss, a reporter for the Canadian Press, and his opening sentences told his whole story: “Western prospects of salvaging something from the growing Communist hold on Asia seem hopeless to this observer. The frittering away of lands and people and their progressive absorption into the Communist network seem inevitable.”

Such defeatism cannot be acceptable to so productive and powerful a nation as our own, which can still draw strong forces around it if it gives other nations leadership. Realizing that we are in a desperate position due to the Acheson policy of “let the dust settle” — of which the Canadian reporter’s pessimism is only an extension — the American people can take their cue from General Albert E. Wedemeyer and General Mark Clark. They have powers of observation beyond those of a mere reporter, because they are vested with responsibility, and as a consequence they favor strongly the Jenner-McCarran resolution.

THE very nature of Soviet Communism forewarns us that, if we are to survive as a nation, we must speedily enact this resolution. Stalin, whom the Communists hail as “the leader, teacher, and father of the oppressed of the whole world,” had reminded his followers repeatedly that there could be but one Communist aim — world conquest. That is “the core of Leninism.”

Communism, Stalin wrote in his most famous work, is "a world outlook," based on "dialectical materialism." It is not so much a social and economic theory, then, as an attempted explanation of how the world arose and where it is inevitably going. For "dialectical materialism," when thoroughly analyzed, is nothing other than the determination to prove that God does not exist. This will be done by the setting up of an earthly paradise for the animal man — since man is only an animal from the Communist viewpoint — the so-called Communist society.

There, for the first time, Lenin tells us, in his *State and Revolution*, man will enjoy genuine freedom. In that society there will be an end to all the ills which afflict humanity. There will be no state, no money, no compulsion of any kind, probably no family. But before this "perfect" society of unrestraint can be ushered in, there must be established the world Soviet dictatorship, and it can be established only by the violent overthrow of all non-Soviet governments through a series of bloody collisions, which both Lenin and Stalin declared to be both essential and inevitable.

This gives to the Kremlin dictatorship the craftiest excuse for the barbarism, perfidy, and aggression which it commits. Constantly it declares that these acts are necessary to bring about the "perfect" society. It is in this vein that dictator Malenkov promises the coming of Com-

munist in his report of October, 1952, making it the center and title of that report.

It goes without saying that a force of this character — whose fanaticism and fatalism must be constantly kept alive by Moscow in order that the dictatorship will survive — cannot be restrained by negotiations or debates in the United Nations. It cannot be dealt with adequately by appeasement, accommodation, or "containment." It has to be given a staggering blow and proclaimed to be the outlaw that it is.

If the United States Government, before the hour-glass sands run out on us, will take such a step, immeasurable benefits will accrue. For one thing, we will know once and for all who are *actually* our allies. This simple fact is now shrouded in mystery. Great Britain does not fit into that category, for it is playing off Soviet Russia against the United States in order to reap Soviet trade while it may, all under the bankrupt "balance of power" theory. France is gone from our side — if it were ever there — because of its weakness and the fear induced by Red propaganda lest West Germany be rearmed.

WE HAD been told ad nauseam by the timid and the appeasers that our "allies" could be held only if we got rid of "McCarthyism." That meant only one thing, that the United States would have to get rid of all internal security, since every attempt to curb the conspiracy is

assaulted as "McCarthyism" by the Communists. The United States Senate obliged by trying Senator McCarthy three times and at the same time there was an undoubted let-up in the vigor of Congressional investigations of subversion. But our precious "allies" left us, anyway, for an entirely different reason — that the United States failed to have any policy except yielding to their importunities.

Those allies who rally to our side, after we have broken off all relations with Soviet Russia and its satellite regimes, will be staunch through thick and thin. They will have passed the acid test, which after all is the test of the whole world today: Are you with Communist slavery or with freedom? We can then help those who help themselves, rather than expending billions on nations which promptly turn their backs on us, including Tito of Yugoslavia, who as a Communist, will join Moscow's camp at the first convenient opportunity.

Not the least among these true allies whom we will win by a courageous and forthright stand are the people now suffering under satellite domination. It seems a long time ago since Secretary of State Dulles uttered the word "liberation" as a leading item in the American program, for the phrase which was really a battle cry was promptly forgotten. But it will have to be raised again, to bring hope among the enslaved peoples, and it can be

done in no better way than by letting them know that the United States is not negotiating secretly or openly with their oppressors.

We must not forget that even in Russia itself a Liberation Army was raised, to fight Stalin, during World War II, and that thousands of Soviet nationals put on German uniforms, not to help Hitler but to save the Russian people from their masters. These are the truest friends we have, but at this moment we are merely giving them lessons in disappointment and despair.

AGAIN, we would rid ourselves of the espionage nests which spread a network over America at the present time. Their origin is in the Soviet embassies and in the diplomatic offices of the Soviet-controlled nations. This is no longer a matter of conjecture; it has been established by documentary evidence in the testimony of Vladimir Petrov, former Soviet diplomat, before the Royal Commission on Espionage of Australia.

The whole amazing story of the world-wide Soviet espionage system, directed by the Foreign Office in Moscow and the Soviet secret police, has been denied American readers by our news services. I was fortunate enough to get a full account of the proceedings from the Island Continent itself. It was there revealed that practically every Soviet diplomat of every class is connected with one or the other of five divi-

sions of espionage, in every country of the world. It was also brought out that members of the Tass staff, serving Soviet Russia with news in all countries, are compelled to be members of the Soviet secret police.

The Royal Commission hearings brought out that it was the United States which was the chief butt of these machinations.

This is quite logical, from the Communist viewpoint, for while outstanding American political figures were echoing Stalin's slogan of "peaceful coexistence," William Z. Foster was telling the Communists in the August, 1954, issue of *Political Affairs* that the sole road to peace was in the abolition of "imperialism," and specifically and above all "American imperialism."

Because of the ease with which the Soviet diplomatic agents and the Soviet secret police (as revealed by past testimony before Congressional committees) have been able to make contacts with native or naturalized Americans under the influence of the Communist Party, the urgency of ridding ourselves of Soviet diplomatic offices becomes a matter of self-preservation.

SEVERING relations with Soviet Russia would likewise make more effective our internal security measures against the fifth column here. The 83rd Congress adopted a new series of legislative enactments against subversive activities, including the death sentence for spies in

peace time and revocation of citizenship to any person advocating the violent overthrow of the Government of the United States.

Everyone knows that these punitive acts are directed at the Communists in the United States, and everyone, who thinks, also is aware that the Communists are so malignant solely because they are agents of Soviet Russia. This very legislation has no reason for being unless the Kremlin is our enemy, and it is pouring water through a sieve to enact measures against the Communists in this country without recognizing the continuous warfare carried on against this nation by the instigators and directors of the Communists, the Soviet government.

All the Smith Act trials, meritorious as they have been, and all the Congressional inquiries, much as they have disturbed the Communists, have not given a serious blow to the Soviet fifth column. It continues to have too much of an effect on American policy, so that anyone who reads the report of the secret national conference of the Communist Party in September, 1953, will be startled to note that the United States has followed the chief items of that program in 1954.

The whole tempo and alertness of our prosecuting apparatus would be stepped up and carried forward in an entirely different atmosphere if Soviet Russia were declared to be an enemy nation, an outlaw nation, as happens to be the truth.

Those friends of the Communists who act so widely as "transmission belts" for the Red line would be more discreet in their poisoning of American public opinion if it were recognized that this dissemination of Red propaganda under non-Communist auspices is an aid to the outlaw.

The average American can also be assured that if the government takes a forthright position in regard to Soviet Russia, many more ex-Communists will be ready and willing to testify against the conspiracy. Nothing is more disconcerting to a former Communist, compelled by subpoena to be a witness against his former comrades, than the utterance of Red-coined phrases such as "thought control," "book-burning," and "peaceful coexistence" by high executive officers of the United States. It is as bad as the famous "red herring" statement of the Alger Hiss case.

The former member of the conspiracy who wishes to make amends for his past, under such circumstances, becomes convinced rightly or wrongly, that he is being used as an instrument for partisan political purposes. He gets the impression that he is called upon to testify largely in order that certain political figures may "make a showing" of fighting Communism.

Such witnesses would be glad to bear the worst kind of character assassination for the sake of saving America. And they are well aware

from their experiences as Communists that we must begin by ending the fiction that Soviet Russia can ever be anything but the symbol of modern barbarism.

BY TAKING this definite stand, the United States will be placed in the position where it will have to curtail more drastically the unhealthy "East-West trade." No triumph of the Communist line has been more marked than in this area, to the detriment of American security.

It is the old story of selling scrap iron to Japan, so that this matériel could be hurled down on our young men in the Pacific. And yet, the pressure of our "allies" and of several American businessmen has caused the United States to retreat, step by step, from the healthy security measure it took in 1950 when it placed an embargo on trade with the Soviet world.

Through its controlled economy, the Kremlin can shut off trade that has been carried on, when this suits its purposes, and bring important industries to a state of depression and even in some instances to collapse. The more that American business interests seek outlets in the Soviet market, the quicker are they preparing for future disaster.

What is of even greater importance is that such trade will prove to be just as subversive in its effects as the manipulations of the Communist conspiracy within our bor-

ders. It will build up the Soviet war machine, and supply deficiencies in the clumsy Soviet economy, making it more capable of waging war upon the United States. Folly could not go much farther.

The American people have demonstrated that they are overwhelmingly opposed to recognition of Red China. The unanimous votes in the Senate and the House against such recognition attest to that. But every argument that proclaims this a wise decision is also applicable to breaking off relations with the Kremlin. Walter P. McCaughy, Director of the Office of Chinese Affairs in the State Department, has provided us with a unique document, marshalling the reasons why the United States cannot have dealings with the Mao Tse-tung regime.

Three of his reasons stand out conspicuously, as published in the *State Department Bulletin* of January 11, 1954: The Chinese Red regime is too brutal and barbarous to be admitted into the society of nations; recognition by the United States would be a "symbol" of defeat to the peoples of Asia; and there is nothing to be gained from diplomatic relations with a regime which uses diplomacy as a weapon of propaganda and subversion. Every one of these indictments of Red rule in China pertains with three-fold force to Soviet Russia, the leader and master of Red China.

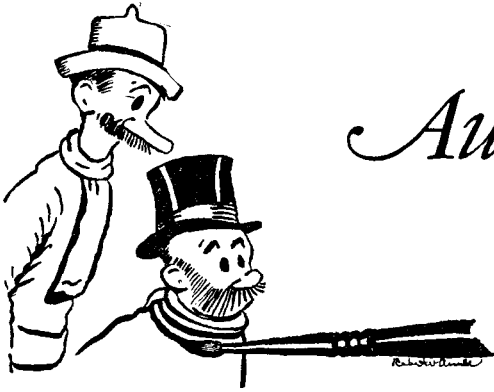
Some timid souls tell us that if we don't go along with the Russians

we will bring World War III down upon our heads. These innocents are unaware that World War III is now being waged against us by the Kremlin. It rings out from every page of dictator Malenkov's report of 1952 to the Nineteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. In those pages, the United States is denounced as "a brutal Fascist regime," and "Fascism" is something that must be fought every day by the Communists of the world.

BUT MOSCOW is waging this war according to Stalin's plan. In 1939, the now dead dictator said: "In our day, wars are not declared, they are made." Soviet Russia is *making* war upon us — conquering nation after nation *seriatim*, undermining our prestige, causing vacillation and hesitancy in our nation's policies.

It has not been the custom to continue diplomatic relations with a regime which is warring against us in every corner of the world and even within our own borders. This may seem old-fashioned at the hour when appeasement and "containment" are such fads among the sophisticated. But it remains common sense.

A nation powerful as our own, able to produce as much as the Axis and Allies together at the end of World War II, cannot afford to fritter away that strength through the beguilements of Moscow.



Augustus Mutt

HERO OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY BOGART ROGERS

SOME ancient savant once sagely remarked that a well-aimed whack on the funny bone can be mightier than a hundred hard whacks on the noggin.

That came to mind the other day when Bud Fisher, creator of the perennial Mutt and Jeff, went to his last reward. Few people know that when he was but a fledgling comic artist, Fisher's satirical pen restored peace and happiness to an anguished San Francisco — as convincing a demonstration of the power of humorous irony as you'll find in the pages of Voltaire.

When, in 1907, Fisher and Augustus Mutt made their San Francisco debut, the city was suffering from what many considered an affliction

worse than the devastation of earthquake and fire. This was the famous — or infamous — San Francisco graft prosecutions.

In the early reconstruction months following the earthquake disaster, municipal graft flourished. Boss Abe Ruef ruled the city. His guilt may be assumed, for he was tried, convicted of his sins, and duly imprisoned.

However, what started out as a commendable effort to purge the corrupt city government soon degenerated into a vicious vendetta between two rival factions of citizens. Reform ran mad. After 383 indictments were returned by a hand-picked jury, a cabal ruled the city with a pious but iron hand.

Among the accused were many whose guilt seemed highly doubtful. Heading the prosecution was a dedicated prosecutor named Francis J. Heney, darling of the muckrakers. He was succeeded by an ambitious young attorney, Hiram W. Johnson. In charge of their investigative work was a magnificently mustached recruit from the Secret Service, William J. Burns.

There were no dull moments during the graft prosecutions. Prosecutor Heney was shot and seriously wounded by a prospective juror named Hass, who subsequently committed suicide in his jail cell. Police Chief W. J. Biggy was fished, dead, from San Francisco Bay in a did-he-jump-or-was-he-pushed mystery. The home of the star prosecution witness was wrecked by a bomb. The editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin* was kidnapped by a defense attorney and spirited away in a Pope-Toledo touring car to — of all embarrassing places — rival Los Angeles. Safes were cracked; evidence stolen.

However, despite much verbal thunder and derogatory international publicity such as few cities ever had suffered, the prosecution faltered. Convictions were few and far between. And San Franciscans were unhappy. They began to wish the prosecutors, righteous though they probably were, would go far away — or quietly drop dead.

But how to halt this scourge? That was the question.

THE ANSWER was Bud Fisher. Sensing the temper of the people and their weariness of the turmoil, young William Randolph Hearst, who had just lured Fisher and A. Mutt from the pages of the *San Francisco Chronicle* to his own morning *Examiner*, turned Fisher loose to see if laughter might help put an end to the city's anguish.

Only those who were in San Francisco at the time can appreciate the extent of A. Mutt's popularity. Strip cartoons were in their infancy. Fisher's drawings were as timely as the news columns — each morning's strip was drawn the previous evening. From the day he first appeared as a rabid but frustrated horse player, the town fell in love with Augustus Mutt. They loyally played his picks at Emeryville race track, grieved when he lost, rejoiced when he won. They loved him like they loved the Ferry Building.

Fisher took the chief characters of the drama — Heney, Hiram Johnson, detective Burns and the others — into A. Mutt's adventures.

The town grinned, smiled, guffawed hilariously as day after day Fisher's sharp and perspicacious pen cut the reformers to ribbons. He did with laughs what others had failed to do with countless solemn editorials and pompous speeches. It was widely agreed that he, more than any other factor, stopped the Donnybrook which was saddening San Francisco and ruining her municipal reputation.

Christmas in the Sky



BY RUTH G. ROSELUND



THE slender spires of Istanbul's great mosques speared the drizzly sky that Saturday before Christmas, 1950. The air was warm, oppressive; people went about their inevitable tasks undisturbed by anticipation. In this Moslem country, the cross-roads between East and West, Christmas existed only in the memories of foreigners from Western lands.

At midnight, a British plane flew out of the East, landing at Istanbul Airport. I left Istanbul — as future events would reveal — forever, but on December 23, 1950, I only knew I was the recipient of a wonderful Christmas gift — a trip back home.

A sense of unreality engulfed me as I stared at the people in the plane — my seatmate, a handsome Malaysian boy; the dark Indian across the aisle wearing an Astrakhan hat; the middle-aged Chinaman peacefully sleeping three seats ahead; the quiet city dreaming low under the starless sky — all was unfamiliar, civilizations removed from any Christmas I had ever known.

The night hours passed. The plane throbbed steadily through fog-filled

skies toward the Western world. As the fog vanished, welcoming lights appeared on the ground below. The plane settled down like a nesting bird and its doors slowly opened to the crisp, bracing air of Frankfurt, Germany. It was approximately 5:30 A.M. and the sky was still black with night. But here was the prescience of Christmas, for snow crunched beneath our feet and the small, symmetrical fir trees edging the airport danced with joyous lights. This was Germany — I was still far from home — yet my heart inwardly stirred with the first feeling of homecoming.

We left Frankfurt in the gray light of a clouded dawn. The plane pushed steadily on toward London as impenetrable fog pressed against it. It seemed stationary, in an unmoving vacuum, for the ceiling was literally zero. Like a man without sight, we existed in an isolated world, as the plane came in by an instrument landing. . . .

In London a transfer was scheduled from the British plane to Pan American. There were five hours to

wait, we were told, and did we wish to take an airport bus into London to see Britain's greatest city?

New England's antecedents were clearly visible as the bus joggled slowly to London's center. Here was the West End Baptist Church — there stood the Broadway Congregational Church. Again, the feeling of home crowded close, but I missed the lightness, the excitement, of an American Christmas. With true British reserve, the surface of London showed no Christmas gaiety.

I WANDERED along the city streets, ignoring the damp, bitter weather. London was like an etching, somber tones of black and grey against a leaden sky. As I crossed famous Waterloo Bridge, the face of Big Ben, overshadowing the Houses of Parliament, faded slowly into the gathering mist. Britishers hurried by, intent, no doubt, on reaching the warm fireside of home. In the rushing crowd, dressed in a black bowler and a velvet-collared Chesterfield, strode a tall, lean Englishman. Anticipation, eagerness, lighted his face, and he carried a sprig of English holly, glossy green leaves and scarlet berries quickening London's muted background. Here was Waterloo Bridge, here was England, here was the living spirit of a British Christmas.

The air terminal building, quiet and almost deserted when I left it, was a tumultuous turmoil when I returned, chilled through by the

bitter air. Children ran like scattering leaves about the floor, or sat quietly, or slept in their mothers' arms. The murmurous hum of the women's conversations undertoned their joyous air of expectancy. I wondered curiously if they waited for some special Christmas excursion.

Suddenly the loudspeaker blared. The women and children listened, faces bright and waiting. "Flight No. —, leaving London Airport at —, for dependents of British soldiers in Singapore. Buses now loading outside the Terminal."

The women, the children, gathered up their luggage and hurried to the waiting buses. The noisy terminal was still, permeated with a happy, contented quiet. In Singapore, British soldiers anxiously waited for the planes which would bestow upon them a wonderful Christmas gift, their families. There, lonely men watched the ancient skies for the first flickering lights of arrival, as the wise men, on that first Christmas so long ago, searched the heavens for the angelic star destined to illumine the world forever.

The droning announcement that my plane was ready to depart brought me back to the twentieth-century world. We walked to the plane on British ground but once its doors closed behind us, America enveloped us. Only the Astrakhan-hatted Indian and a few Turks remained to remind us that we had come out of the East.

And then, out of the upper atmosphere, sleep unexpectedly beguiled

us. Flying from England toward America had given us another Christmas gift — an extra five hours — and time was playing tricks on us.

I awoke in a strange, celestial world. A glistening bank of clouds spread like an opalescent floor below us. Above the clouds shimmered a full silver moon and one glittering planet sparkled in a sky paled by the moon's crystal light. It was a magic world into which the plane's wing seemed a dark intrusion of reality. There are moments when beauty is etched forever on the mirror of memory. This was one of these.

WHEN the sign at the front of the cabin flashed "Adjust Safety Belt," the journey above the gray Atlantic neared its end. As we approached the mundane world once more, lazy flakes sifted softly about the plane and by the time we landed at Gander, Newfoundland, a swirling curtain of snow surrounded us. From the stillness of the near-stratosphere, we catapulted into the noisy, cheerily-decorated restaurant at Gander Airport. Over the public address system drifted the soft strains of *Silent Night*, the triumphant rejoicing of *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*.

The stop at Gander was long and, inspired by Christmas fellowship, travelers and Gander-ites were soon chatting like old acquaintances. The Christmas atmosphere, the music, the companionship — here, for a time at least, was the ascendancy of man's humanity to man.

Again we boarded the plane. The lights of Halifax, of Boston, glimmered and disappeared below us. Quietly, uneventfully, we landed at Idlewild. The world had turned on its axis. The Indian in the Astrakhan hat wandered bewildered in a foreign country.

I rode from the airport to New York in an ecstatic trance. The blazing lights, the flashing signs, the towering pageantry of the black-massed skyscrapers — all were welcoming landmarks of home. Dimly I recalled boarding the plane in Istanbul's soft night. Since then, I had known the fir trees of Frankfurt, the holly of England, the songs of Canada — a priceless kaleidoscope of memory, compressed into twenty-four hours of earthly time. It was all unreal, misty, like a lovely dream half-remembered in the morning's light.

Yet it was more than that. I had seen the Christian world united through the Christ-child's birth in Bethlehem so long ago. Soon the Christmas glory would fade away, and with it the pervading unity of the Christmas season. And I wondered why this must be so. Is the answer found in human frailty? Would we treasure the joy of Christmas if it were habitual, part of our daily life? Or perhaps the evanescent Christmas spirit is like the wise men's guiding star — a brief, significant glimpse of the peace which silently waits for those who follow the gleam of faith.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

WE HAVE, as everyone admits, a grave shortage of houses to rent in the United States. What can we do about it? As in everything else, the answer comes: Let Uncle Sam handle it. But can he? Well, he can certainly help—and plenty. Not by an extension of the plan originated under President Truman, but by a far wiser, foolproof and graft-proof plan which I now present. But to understand this, it is necessary to clear up a few items.

A New Solution?

First, there is no doubt about the housing shortage, and the still greater shortage of good rental housing. Back in the days of Harry Truman, a plan was hatched. But no one need yield to surprise that it failed. Worse, it was marked by an incredible orgy of corruption.

Of course, Government can do something about housing. It can remove the roadblocks. It can help financially. But in the end *houses for all* can be produced only by private industry. But government—local,

state and national — can help, as we shall see.

There has never been so much talk about Government, the house builder, and never in time of boom so little housing. The proof? Take New York City. From 1923 to 1932, an average of 70,000 dwelling units were built per year. Then from 1933 to 1942, an average of only 19,700 were built. Housing, of course, was the first victim of the war. Since the war we

By John T. Flynn

have been indulged by big talk about Uncle Sam, the Great Home Builder. Yet from 1946 to 1952 — seven years — only an average of 28,000 dwelling units a year were built in New York City, compared with 70,000 a year in the 'twenties.

And a very few of them are to rent, which is the greatest need. Meantime, great numbers of old houses were demolished, while others were falling into disrepair or being transformed with one-storey fancy façades into business places. New York has done much to wipe out old slums, but meantime once fine, older residential sections have grown into slums.

The figure for the nation is better. In seven years before the depression, the nation as a whole built a yearly average of 800,000 new dwellings. In the seven years from 1946 to 1952, the nation built a yearly average of a million units. But the population had grown by 31 million. The increase did not keep pace with the added families. Moreover, in the depression years 1931 to 1941, and the war years 1941 to 1945, the building of new houses almost collapsed. When the war ended, there was a shortage of nearly two million homes. This has never been made up.

Meantime, there has been endless hardship for the family least loved by our latter-day politicians. There is endless sympathy for the poor and humble voter — the 20 per cent below the subsistence level. Of course

no one need worry about the 20 per cent who frolic in the upper brackets. But somehow for those hardy, self-respecting citizens who want no doles or handouts — the 60 per cent who are the bone and sinew of the nation, caught in the shortage and trapped in high rents — nothing constructive has been done.

UNDER President Truman, the Federal Government launched a plan to lend money to private builders for low-cost housing. I do not doubt President Truman approved this in good faith. Under the plan, a builder could borrow money from mortgage lenders to build houses to rent or sell. These loans were secured by a first mortgage on the property. If the government approved the builders' estimate of land and construction costs, the government guaranteed the mortgage and the operation proceeded. Now let's look at this in operation.

On Long Island, the Gross-Morton Company proposed to build 3,000 units for rental in a new community to be called Glen Oaks. They were to be built for middle-income folks. The rent now for a five-room apartment is \$114 to \$121 a month. The company estimated the cost of the enterprise would be \$24,000,000. Uncle Sam approved. The builders then got from private sources a loan of \$24,000,000 secured by a mortgage — *which mortgage was guaranteed by Uncle Sam*. Then

the builders put up the 3,000 units at a cost of only \$20,000,000. When it was finished they had the houses all paid for and a cash windfall of \$4,000,000.

This, of course, was a scandalous operation. But it's merely a sample.

THERE is no point in an endless repetition of the same game being worked around the country. There were, I am informed, 7,000 such projects. Doubtless some were honestly managed. But government investigators have reviewed over 1,547 such cases and found the excess mortgage abuse in 1,410. And the windfalls of the promoters located thus far amount to over \$100,000,000. The government's chief investigator says these adventures were made possible by bribing officials. He charged that one top government official collected \$100,000 in bribes.

But how could this happen? Certainly every informed observer in Washington knows that city has a numerous brood of shrewd slickers who specialize in getting government favors for their employers. The moment some new government enterprise is announced which will start a flow of a million or two or ten or more, these gents go to work. They know the right officials. They know the right Congressmen. And they know the type of businessman who is qualified and eager to latch on to this easy government money. They include the swarm of pro-

fessional fixers or "five-per-centers."

Policing government millions when Uncle Sam spent a billion or so a year was difficult. Now, when billions gush forth in such vast streams, it is almost impossible for even the most vigilant administration to protect them. What I am trying to do is to outline a plan by which the Washington government can give a great boost to home-building without any fear of graft.

Also, I am not arguing against slum clearance and low-cost public housing by cities. That is a problem for each community — or each city or state — to handle in its own way. New York City has built 111 separate low-rent housing developments for sub-standard families. These, including those under way, provide dwellings for some 86,418 families. Some of these projects were built with Federal aid, some with state aid and some entirely by the city. It is an imposing program, but I think the cost is out of all proportion to the purpose served. It can be shown that private builders, with all the graft included, can build far cheaper than any city, state or Federal agency.

To take a single example, the Glen Oaks operation — already described — built by private builders cost only \$8,000 a unit, and each unit was loaded with \$1,400 of secret windfall profits. The actual cost was \$6,600 per unit. The average cost of the apartments built for the indigent homeseekers in these

city projects was \$11,000 per unit, with no profit. Thus we have houses built for profit — excellent houses, too — at a cost of \$6,600 per unit, while we have houses built for very poor families costing \$11,000.

THIS is proof, I think, that everything government does is inevitably more costly than the same job done by private enterprise. Another trouble is the intrusion of graft — though this, I think, is not charged against the New York public housing. Another is the intrusion of the do-gooders who insist that nothing is too good for the poor. These New York homes for the indigent are usually built on only one-fifth of the land — the balance of the enormously expensive New York City land is dedicated to lawns and walks and playgrounds, etc. — and the buildings for the most part are equipped with elevators and provisions for janitors and services of all sorts.

It is pleasant to have plenty of ground space around you, but people living in highly expensive private apartments do not have it. Tenants for these city houses can qualify only by being very poor. If by his energy an industrious tenant manages to get a better job and get on his feet with an income above the permissible public housing rate, he is compelled to move. He moves into some high-rent, walk-up tenement with no services at from \$75 to \$100, while an indigent family

moves into the public apartment he vacated with all its services and a rental of perhaps \$30 or \$40 or less.

However, any city has a right to spend its money any way it wishes. This is also true of the states. I merely call attention to the fact that the United States Government should keep out of this activity. But I believe there is a method by which the Federal Government can help — and help very effectively — without any vast bureaucracy to muddle it or graft on it. What is more, it can help in a far broader way by merely subsidizing low-cost houses for the poor. I insist our need is not just housing for the dependent 20 per cent, nor for the well-to-do 20 per cent at the top, but for the great industrious 60 per cent in moderate income brackets.

THE great need is houses for all — not just the wretchedly poor. This means houses for rent. The investor who enters this field takes a serious chance. Here is an actual case on an older house. The investment is \$350,000. The income from rents after operating expenses is \$33,600. How is that divided?

City real estate taxes.....	\$ 9,000
Federal income taxes.....	12,300
Owners' share.....	12,300

The income is \$33,600. The city and Federal governments take \$21,300 as their share and the owner, who put up all the money, pays all the bills and takes all the headaches, gets \$12,300. Today few houses are

being built for the 60 per cent of moderate-income citizens. The taxes make it hopelessly impossible. The only houses being built are for the 20 per cent at the top and the 20 per cent at the bottom. The top 20 per cent manage it by putting up co-operative apartments. The 20 per cent at the bottom — and only part of them — get low-rent apartments in high-cost government-built houses.

No man in his senses would invest in an apartment house for moderate-income families. Let us suppose a man with a net income of \$20,000 built an apartment. Let us say that out of the rents, after paying costs of operation and city taxes, he had left a profit of \$7,000. On his net business income of \$20,000 he would pay an income tax of over \$8,000. The income which he now collected from his newly built apartment house would be \$7,000. The income tax rate on \$20,000 would be over \$8000, and on the additional \$7,000 from the new apartment house it would be \$4,630. In short, Uncle Sam would cut himself in for \$4,630 and the owner would get \$2,370. A more effective device for killing investment in houses could not be invented.

HERE, then is the plan which I suggest as a solution: *The Federal Government should stop handing out money or insuring mortgages. It should pass a law exempting from income taxes the profits from newly built rental*

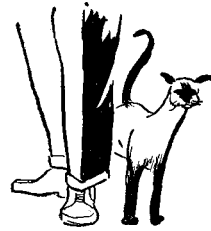
dwellings for a period of ten years.

This would be a wise course from every point of view. The American home is already loaded with 60 per cent of the heavy taxes which go to support the official activities of the local community. Out of these taxes come, really, most of the services which the American citizen gets from government — city management, police protection, fire protection, city courts, school systems, building and policing the streets, parks, libraries, hospitals and other local institutions, plus the great cost of health protection.

The City of New York adopted locally a similar plan after World War I and set off the greatest wave of home-building in its history. There is actually an element of justice in the Federal Government keeping entirely out of the field of housing in cities as a base for taxes, since it already bears so heavy a burden. But the plan I suggest is that the *Federal Government relieve from taxes the dividends from housing enterprises for ten years on houses built within the next three years.*

In the long run the Federal Government would gain, because this would actually produce rental houses and after the exemption period expired, the government would begin to collect taxes on income from houses which would never have been built but for some such encouragement. In addition to this, the plan would be graft-proof and would cost a minimum sum to police.

I Detest CATS



by GRACE DEMAREST REDDIK

I HAVE catstrophobia. My problem, Mr. Anthony, as they used to say to the radio counselor, is that I hate cats. I wouldn't go to such lengths as the late Chicago banker named Rockwell Sayre did, though. He once offered 10¢ apiece for every dead cat brought to him. Unfortunately, he died himself before he could achieve his ambition to eliminate cats.

I wouldn't go that far. But that's because I don't have the money for this worthy end. Who does? In 1914, for instance, it was estimated that there were 25,000,000 cats in the United States. That was 40 years ago, and if the cat population has increased in proportion to the human population, even the Ford Foundation couldn't afford to wipe out cats unless the price per head were reduced to sub-standard, non-union rates.

When cats are young, they're cute and adorable, cuddly, cunning kittens. Their appealing looks are Nature's lure, her way of preserving

even more of them than we have now in this cat-cluttered country. If you fall for their darling, ball-of-fluff softness, instead of drowning or chloroforming them or sending for the man from the A.S.P.C.A. as soon as they're born, you'll raise monsters that scratch, snarl and spit, and it will serve you right, too.

I am not an aelurophobe, which is the \$4 word used to describe a person who is actually afraid of cats, an unfortunate who can be made physically ill, even hysterical, by coming into the same room with one of the little beasts. Nor do I belong to the school that simply dislikes cats for no very good reason. I hate them for good and sufficient reasons.

For one thing, the cat is only half-domesticated and easily goes back to a wild state. If a dog loses its master, it will soon find another, but the mature cat is more likely to run wild. No civilized household is a proper place for an animal only a whisker's length removed from its

wild state. Especially do pseudo-domesticated animals *not* belong in a city apartment. And since I live in an apartment in New York City and am not Tarzan's mate swinging from a jungle vine to our tree-top home, I am not amused by Pussy's prowlings and tantrums.

There's a \$4 word for cat lovers, too. It's *felinophiles*. And the lengths to which they will go to express their affection for their pets is one of the things that makes me hate cats. My feelings wouldn't be so strong if I didn't read in the papers more often than not than another of these benighted individuals had died and left a fortune to a cat. Or that the will made conditional bequests to relatives who would inherit only if they made a nice home for the pet and followed precise instructions for its monument and perpetual grave care when it shuffled off its ninth life.

Or take the newspaper space given the exhibitionist cats who climb trees and telephone poles and require the services of Fire Department and A.S.P.C.A. crews to get them down. And the not-so-bright cats who get themselves into trouble crawling into drain pipes, falling between walls, even getting entombed alive.

A NEW YORK CITY newspaper recently told of 100 longshoremen who stopped work while professionals rescued Minnie the Moocher, a 6-year-old dockside rat-

catcher who had been sealed up beneath the concrete floor of the pier for five days.

Minnie had been hunting rats in an air space between the wooden flooring planks of the pier. Workmen who had replaced the pier's wooden stringpiece with concrete had inadvertently trapped Minnie, too. That was on Thursday. Not until Tuesday when dockworkers heard mewing from a drainpipe did they realize what had happened. Minnie the Moocher was entombed like one of her sacred Egyptian ancestors but she was still alive, under 15 inches of concrete.

Although these hard-boiled men, blubbing over the cat's fate, poked tuna fish down the drain pipe and called on Minnie to please come out, she just meowed. The A.S.P.C.A. sent two agents in response to an S.O.S. call. They were stymied. Finally, the longshoremen went to the construction gang and asked for the loan of a compressed air drill. With it, they drilled a hole, 10 inches wide, right through the concrete.

The noise of the drill must have scared the whiskers off Minnie. The rescuers poked their arms through the hole, but they couldn't reach her. At last, everybody went away, leaving some tuna fish and milk by the hole. A while later Minnie crawled out and started gobbling the fish. Then everybody went back to work.

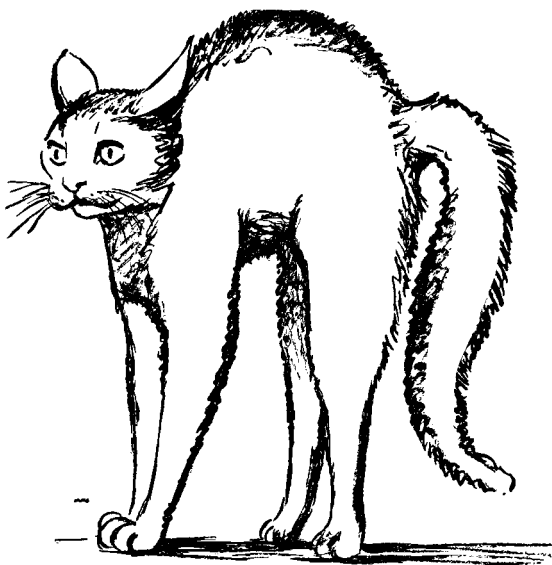
Then there was the woman who

lived for some years across the hall from my apartment. She had a cat on which she lavished more care and affection than some people give children. When the cat died and the men in the white coats came to take it to the crematory, she had to be held in her chair, so unrestrained and violent was she in her unseemly grief. The ashes were returned to her and she conducted a one-woman wake for days, finally taking off for the cemetery and burying the cat's ashes in her late husband's grave in their family plot.

There was still another woman I knew who had a cat she was so fond of she, too, felt impelled to give it a formal burial in an animal cemetery when it passed on. She put the corpse in a shoe box and came into New York City from her Long Island home. There was an hour's interval until she could board the train at Grand Central to take her up into Westchester County to the pet cemetery. She decided on a little shopping in a fashionable Fifth Avenue department store until train time.

She put the box on the counter and turned her attention briefly to a blouse she fancied. When she had

made her purchase and was ready to leave, she gathered up her gloves and reached for the box. It was gone. She was embarrassed at the thought of confessing to the store that she had been carrying a dead cat around in the box, but her feelings for her late pet triumphed and she told the section manager. He



called the store detective and customer and sleuth set off for the nearest ladies' room. "That's where shoplifters usually go when they've pinched a bag or a wrapped parcel," the lady detective said.

Since it was fairly early in the day, the ladies' room was quite empty except for one customer. The two women waited a few minutes but when the owner of the only

visible pair of feet in the room didn't emerge from the cubicle, the detective rapped sharply on the half-door. There was no response. She crawled under the door and pushed back the lock. There, sprawled on the convenience, in a dead faint, was the shoplifter, all 200 pounds of her shocked into unconsciousness.

The shoe box rested on her ample lap, its cover on the floor where it had dropped from her limp hand. The corpse of the black cat was stiffly, starkly visible under the folds of tissue paper she'd pulled aside before she'd passed out. The customer retrieved the box full of her pet, slammed on the cover and fled from the store to the train and the cemetery, furiously indignant over this outrage to her darling.

ALL KINDS of people keep cats and love them. One doesn't have to be crazy to be a real cat lover; but these people certainly do crazy things and behave in a crazy way, by my book. Yet one woman's peculiar fancies and follies are another woman's livelihood, as witness the case of an enterprising woman who lives in New York's Greenwich Village and operates a profitable business as a cat-sitter. She takes a few animals into her own apartment when their owners are off on vacation.

Most cats become unhappy when moved from their familiar surroundings, however, and have to be sat with at home. She has the apartment keys of clients and makes the rounds

on her list twice a day, morning and evening, feeding, brushing and conversing with each cat.

The language of the true cat lover is as syrupy sentimental as a Victorian valentine. Here is a sample of it, right out of the weekly cat column of the New York *World Telegram & Sun*. Its cat editor, apparently, had just acquired a new kitten; her ecstasy was communicated to her readers thusly:

He is the cuddliest little lap-cat that ever kept a cat-infatuated woman from her sewing. So often he does remind me of the kitten ways of my sweet Hah-Chah, who would climb up my dress after arriving on my skirt by a flying leap from the floor. He also lays his cheek against mine, as the baby Hah-Chah did, and wants to hold my hand with his paws instead of having his tiny white mittens tucked into my palm. Just a darling.

Despite all this lavish love talk and the infatuations of humans for cats, the cat has a very bad name. The dictionary is full of words and terms containing "cat" and they all have a bad connotation. There are words like *cat-o-nine-tails* to define an instrument of punishment; *cat's paw*, which means a puppet, a tool, a dupe; *cat-like*, the adjective for sly and stealthy; *cat-skin*, a synonym for nudity; and *cat house*, to describe a brothel.

Even two such celebrated felinophiles as Richard and Frances Lockridge, the husband-wife team

of mystery writers, in their comprehensive book, *Cats and People*, admit that cats are not perfect. "Edward Howe Forbush, whose life was one long worry about cats, accused them of transmitting from person to person all diseases known, including smallpox and bubonic plague," they write, adding, "A rabid cat can transmit rabies."

The Lockridges note in their chapter on breeding that the cat is something less than modest when she wants to become a mother. "The cat's love affairs are full of sultry violence and much screaming," they say. "When the female cat is ready, there's no doubt about it. Some cats are placid and receptive only a couple of times a year; in others the mating urge is much more frequent, so that she will have kittens almost continuously — as continuously as a 63-day period of gestation allows."

BUT EVEN to cat lovers, the feline mating call is "a wild, discordant, undulating cry," harrowing in its intensity. Any males within hearing recognize the cry as the McCoy in mating calls, and they will come from all over, to gather, "snarling, ready for combat, ready to murder."

Love is not a gentle, tender feeling with cats, and you don't have to take the experts' word for it. Just be around some night when a furry,

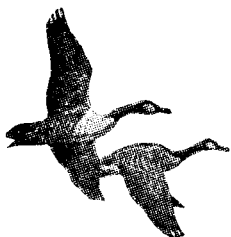
four-footed Juliet starts yearning for a Romeo. The night that was filled with the music of silence is now filled with caterwauling. Sleep is shattered; nerves snap; and the air is filled with old shoes, bottles, curses and hot anger, as outraged humans react to the backfence or dark-alley doings. Nothing daunts the cats; they are utterly abandoned.

Apart from their love life, cats are creatures of unpredictability and contrary behavior. Cats employ strategy to gain their ends. A hungry cat seems to sense that the louder and more raucous he becomes, the sooner he'll be fed. The cat is an animal which lives with humans on its own terms, not ours. Cats show a resentment against anyone who sits in their favorite chair and they've been known to bite people who have forcibly ejected them.

Of one cat at least, though, it may be said, as it is occasionally of a human who meets death bravely at the end of a mean and vicious life, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

This cat was the pet of an Oklahoma City woman. She held Pussy in her lap as she watched her wrestling hero on television suffer through a battering round. When the match was finished and the excitement was over, the cat lay dead. The woman had choked it to death.





Carmel-by-the-Sea

BY EUEL WADSWORTH

THE Monterey Peninsula may be reached from the north or south of California by an easy drive along romantic and historic El Camino Real (U. S. 101) to Salinas and then west to Monterey.

Five miles from Monterey over Carmel Hill nestles the charming village of Carmel, its people cosmopolitan yet unhurried, naturally artistic and having always a keen appreciation of beauty. These attributes are reflected in its unique and friendly shops, art galleries, little theaters, studios, hotels and apartments.

One is enchanted by the delightful homes and cottages where every house rests in a mass of beautifully tended flowers and foliage. Smoke curls up from the chimneys, and the windows have a friendly look. It seems, in fact, that the best and most exquisite that nature could create is assembled here for the delight of all the senses.

In the course of a leisurely walk, you are willingly tempted into courts of secluded shops festooned with flowers and shrubbery, here and there shaded by stately pines. The

names of the establishments will capture your imagination; to name a few, The Tuck Box, Silver Thimble, Cabbages and Kings, Corner Cupboard, Lords and Lads, Hearthstone, Spinning Wheel and Treasure Chest. A visit to the shops will remain in the mind, for you will be cordially greeted and invited to browse around — a pleasing gesture in these hurried times.

Approaching the village blacksmith shop will call to remembrance scenes in the distant past, enhancing the pleasure of watching the blacksmith fashion wrought-iron in artistic designs. There is no house delivery of mail in the village, therefore no need of numbers on buildings or houses. Traditionally, you become a saunterer and join those who congregate at the post office, exchanging friendly greetings, a bit of gossip perhaps, while calling for mail.

Entering the little Church of the Wayfarer, whose doors are open daily to visitors, you will be inclined to rest awhile in its quiet, peaceful atmosphere and meditate upon its gentle charm. The mellow, hand-



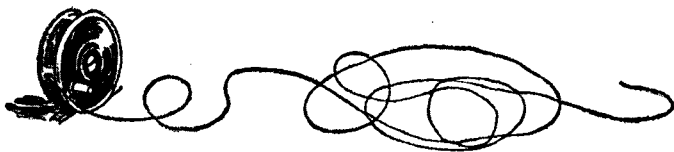


carved walnut paneling of the interior was formerly part of a chapel in Italy. This fine carving, over two hundred years old, is a tribute to the artistry of its skilled craftsmen. Architecturally, it belongs to no period; it belongs to Carmel. Brick walls and terraces, a garden patio, provincial bell-tower and antique tile roof, all create a note of rural simplicity.

You will find pleasure in discovering Carmel for yourself. The way is beautiful, worthy of the village that lies at its end; the wooded country and the bay — its very curves are a music. The rocky nature of this coast, its strongly marked reliefs, have been much extolled and with good reason. The fertile soil

willingly yields a luxuriance of polychromatic flowers, shrubs and pleasant greenery. The heart is mellowed by the sight of sweet-scented acacia trees with their crown of golden yellow, elegant and poetic.

Carmel is picturesque and quaint with its delightful touches of intimacy — a gem in a setting of towering pine and cypress with arms outstretched toward the rolling sea. One feels as though he had stumbled into one of those vivid pictures that temptingly display all the good things in life. I do not believe that there exists in the world in so small a space such lovely scenery, such delightful seclusion. Departing, there is a consciousness of having left a part of oneself in Carmel-by-the-Sea.



RUSSIA *baits the hook with* **TRADE**

By Harold Lord Varney

THE Free World's struggle in the Cold War may be lost on the cash registers of the trader. Crafty V. M. Molotov knew what he was talking about when he taunted our delegates at the Berlin Conference in February.

"Only a few countries don't want to trade with Russia and China," he said. "Most do."

The insidiousness of the trade-with-Communists mentality is that it never halts with trade. It spills over into the foreign policies of the nation. It becomes a powerful and insistent lobby in Washington, work-

ing tirelessly for political concessions to the Communist "strong men" which will soften them up for trade. It erodes the national will for preparedness.

At its most debased, it may be seen in the cringing policies of Great Britain toward Mao Tse-tung ever since his advent to power.

Britain in the Far East is a horrible example to the United States of what we may become if we allow our overseas policies to be dictated by our foreign traders. The British, under the Labor Party as well as under Conservatives, have permitted

their Far East policies to be written for them in toto by the great trading houses of Jardine Matheson and Butterfield and Swire—century-old factors which have their impatient fingers in every rivulet of trade which radiates from Hong Kong, and which once radiated from the International Settlement of Shanghai.

Under this cynical “J-M” and “B-S” rule, the British have eaten every crumb of humiliation in an ignoble effort to stay in China. The price which they have paid to the Chinese Communists has been the sordid betrayal of the United States in every effort which we have made since 1949 to shore up a defensible Far East policy.

Ignoring the United States, Britain rushed to give diplomatic recognition to Red China in January, 1950, and attempted to start a chain reaction of recognition by the whole Free World. Red China showed its contempt by ignoring this British gesture from January 6, 1950, to September 11, 1954, when it finally exchanged envoys. During these four and a half years, a series of unhappy British *chargé d'affaires* cooled their heels in Peiping, unreceived by the Communist Foreign Office, and scorned by the Red officialdom.

When the British reluctantly

backed the American play in Korea, they continued to curry favor with the China Reds by emasculating every winning American policy which might have resulted in the fall of Mao's rule. In this they had an obsequious rubber stamp in Washington in the person of Secretary of State Acheson. It was the British veto which prevented MacArthur from landing a Chiang Kai-shek army on the mainland, in the Red Chinese rear, which would have averted the American disaster at the Yalu River in November, 1950.

It was the British veto which stopped the United States from clamping an effective embargo on the China coast, which would have strangled the Chinese economy.

It was the British who interposed the veto on MacArthur's plan to wipe out the Communist staging-sanctuaries in Manchuria.

It was the British who finally pressured Harry Truman into recalling General MacArthur.

It was the British who later stymied General Van Fleet when he had the China Red troops on the run.

It was the British who maneuvered the cease-fire, and forced the United States to swallow the ignominy of a lost war. On another front, it was the British who proposed Red Chi-



nese representation in the Japanese peace conference, with all the threat to American interests that this would have implied.

IN RETURN for four and a half years of abjection to Peiping, Britain has been permitted to scavenge an increasing amount of furtive China trade, much of it in brazen violation of attempted American controls.

The Chinese have a contemptuous expression for those who perform the lackey role in politics. They are "running dogs." That the once-haughty British have descended to this lowly estate in order to save their China trade is a measure of their fade-out in the East.

In the face of this ignoble British experience, fringe voices are already being heard in the American business community talking about future China trade. Much of this talk is *sub rosa*, like the automobile company export manager who blurted out, in a top automobile sales meeting, that his company was planning to have thousands of American cars in Red China as soon as the Korea peace treaty is signed. But it is increasing. A survey of 576 leading American export managers made a few months ago indicated that a majority favored wider trade with Hong Kong (the leak point in the embargo) as soon as permanent peace is concluded in Korea. The time is not distant when the trade-with-China pressure group in Washington will be formidable.

The gravitational pull of China trade is being felt despite the fact that the Chinese Communists have shown themselves to be extremely slippery customers for the risk-takers. China surrounds all her foreign trade transaction with a "heads I win, tails you lose" set of trading rules. The trader does not receive his money until his merchandise has been shipped and received in China, inspected by Communist government officials, and finally placed in the hands of the buyer. He must extend credit without interest, tie up his capital in his cargo, freight and insurance, and be ready to honor claims which result from inspection of the goods in Red China.

Nominally, we are still holding the embargo line in Red China, which was voted by the United Nations in 1951. Actually, China today is a great open sieve through which supplies from the Free World are leaking in great streams. Only the United States is still going through the motions of outright abstention.

If the China dam against Red trade is crumbling, the Soviet Russia dam has already collapsed.

America's principal reliance against a stampede of her "allies" into Iron Curtain trade has been the Battle Act. Passed in 1951 in the heat of the Korean War by a Congress outraged against British and other shippers of strategic goods to Russia and China, the Battle Act forbade the granting of American aid funds to any country shipping

“arms, ammunition, implements of war and atomic energy materials” or items of “primary strategic significance” to the Red nations. Unfortunately, Congress left one loophole. It empowered the President to make exceptions to the “strategic” list when he deems it important to our security to continue aid.

This reasonable exception has now been twisted by Foreign Operations Administrator Harold E. Stassen to permit the flow into Russia and the satellites of a lengthy list of commodities once banned. Mr. Stassen has simply reclassified them as “non-strategic.”

Preceding the Stassen cave-in was a complicated sequence of maneuvers, with Britain and Russia as principals. First public sign that our British ally was getting ready to pull the rug from under our no-trade policy was Sir Winston Churchill’s House of Commons speech in February declaring that his government was proceeding upon the policy of a substantial relaxation of Russian trade restrictions. In the same month, an unofficial British trade delegation of thirty-two, headed by J. B. Scott, sales director of Crompton Parkinson Ltd., visited Moscow, and received from Soviet Foreign Trade Minister Ivan G. Kabanov an offer of orders for British industries totaling £400,000,000 (\$1,120,000,000) to be delivered between 1955 and 1957. Among the desired items specified by Kabanov were cargo ships, power equipment, machine tools, textile

and food processing machinery, and forging and pressing equipment.

The offer was obviously a come-on, but it inflamed the British imagination. Sir Winston next sent a 138-page proposal to President Eisenhower itemizing changes which he wanted to make in the embargoed “strategic goods.” The upshot was a London meeting in late March between Harold Stassen, as Eisenhower’s envoy, and representatives of the British and French governments. At this meeting, Stassen capitulated to the “allies” and agreed to a lengthy list of reclassifications of banned strategic goods. Later, Peter Thornycroft, British President of the Board of Trade, told the House of Commons that the prohibited export list, after the Stassen meeting, had been reduced from 250 to 170 items. The London agreement was subsequently ratified by the fourteen-nation coordinating committee in Paris which nominally makes final decisions on trade with the Communist bloc.

WHEN Administrator Stassen appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in May to report on his negotiations, he was questioned sharply by Senator Homer Ferguson.

“What I want to know is who proposed this new trade policy,” asked Ferguson.

“Some of the Western European countries,” Stassen answered. “At the same time, there was a re-analy-

sis of East-West trade within our own Administration."

When Ferguson asked him if this course was not helping the Soviet Union out of its troubles, and thus strengthening it, Stassen denied that this was the right description.

"The purpose of this policy is to turn the Soviet economy to peaceful ends," he answered unconvincingly.

Once the United States had indicated that it would make no fight to hold the "strategic goods" line, the rush to get in on Russian and satellite trade became overpowering. In April, the British acted unilaterally to lift the ban on rubber exports to the Soviet Union and the satellites (not including China). France, West Germany, Italy, and even such remote nations as Argentina, Egypt and Israel, began talks with Soviet trade emissaries. Trade pacts between Russia and Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, Finland, Iceland, Belgium, Afghanistan, Iran, Lebanon and Egypt were concluded or renewed. Even Japan sent an unofficial business envoy to Moscow to discuss a \$6 million barter deal. Profit prospects from Russian trade began to make serious rents in the solidarity of the American orbit.

Russia is in a fair way to release a large part of her economy to increased war goods production, by the capital and consumer goods purchases which she can make in the Free World under the new East-West trade deal.

In the face of this alarming drift,

Washington continues to follow a gutless and pliable course. The Eisenhower administration has found itself caught in a swirl of uncontrollable forces, as our erstwhile allies compete to get on the Russian trade bandwagon. Against its better judgment, it is being drawn from the positiveness of its embargo policy into a weak acquiescence with the East-West trade swing.

THE Eisenhower administration got itself into this predicament by going overboard for the "Trade, Not Aid" slogan of its international-minded bloc early in its career. The Randall Commission, appointed by the President to chart our over-all trade policy, brought in a report on January 23, 1954, which foreshadowed all the Stassen surrenders which were to follow. It declared:

The Commission recommends that, so far as it can be done without jeopardizing military security, and subject to the embargo on Communist China and North Korea, the United States acquiesce in more trade in peaceful goods between Western Europe and the Soviet bloc.

President Eisenhower himself foreclosed the possibility of an effective stand against the British push for Red trade by recommending "a greater exchange of peaceful goods between East and West" in his message to Congress on March 31, 1954. The die was cast.

Re-enforcing the insistent pressure for the lifting of trade controls

has been another potent influence — that of the United Nations. The UN agency in this situation is the Economic Commission for Europe. Under the complaisant chairmanship of Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, Soviet influence has been uninterruptively active on this Commission. Working continuously and brilliantly for the discreditment of the American position on Communist trade, the Commission has had a shaping hand in all the maneuvers and intrigues that have produced the present East-West trade consummation.

With Russian trade controls crumbling, the next battleground will undoubtedly be a British demand for the end of the embargo on China. If Washington proves as spineless on this issue as on the East-West trade drive, Mao Tse-tung may well prepare for a life tenure in Peiping.

The highly publicized Clement Attlee visit to Red China, and Russia, is an obvious British gambit in the coming pro-Peiping chess game. Equally important in the total picture were the conferences at Geneva in May between Chou En-lai and the two British M.P.'s, the Laborite Harold Wilson and the Conservative W. Robson-Brown. In expectation of the end of the embargo, the China Reds maintain in London a bustling purchasing agency, with wide contacts with British industries. Continuous agitation for Sino-British trade is waged by the outspoken Council for the Promotion of Overseas Trade, headed by Nobel Prize

winner Lord Boyd Orr, former head of the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization.

Last summer, Tsao Chang-shu and a Red Chinese trade delegation visited England as the guests of the Federation of British Industries. Before leaving, Tsao announced that a Sino-British annual trade of from \$112,000,000 to \$140,000,000 both ways was now feasible. He stated as China's immediate needs, which he hoped to procure from the British, chemicals, fertilizers, pharmaceuticals, giant electric generators, steel tubing, locomotives, trucks and communications equipment.

What is not generally realized in this country is that the British have continuously traded with Red China throughout the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars. Under extreme American pressure, Britain has cut off such war-necessary products as rubber and oil, at least through legal channels. But a wide list of other British exports, classified as "non-strategic" have helped sustain the Red Chinese economy while our boys were dying in Korea.

TO MEASURE the extent of this British trade, legal and illicit, is difficult due to the deviousness of the British officials. But British Board of Trade figures indicate that trade between Hong Kong and China multiplied ten-fold during the Korean War period. Last August, E. C. Chen, deputy director of the Communist East China Foreign Trade

Bureau, stated that British cargo vessels are steaming into Shanghai at the rate of one a day, and that they constitute 74% of the arrivals in the Shanghai port. Officially-reported British exports to Red China in 1953 totalled \$17,500,000. But other Commonwealth members reported exports of an additional \$145,300,000. This is the declared trade: it does not include the wholesale and winked-at smuggling.

In the face of this obscene British trade continuance, throughout the bloodshed in Korea, the only rejoinder of Mr. Stassen's FOA, in its 1954 report, was to comment:

"Though the policies of other free governments regarding trade with Communist China have not been identical with our own, the United States has not attempted — and will not attempt — to bring about conformity through coercion."

When documented instances of extensive trade by France, West Germany, Norway and Britain with Iron Curtain countries in violation of the Battle Act were brought officially to President Eisenhower's notice on August 1, 1953, he condoned the violations and continued American aid to the four countries under the Battle Act exceptions clause.

Obviously the American trade control policy with Communist nations, both in Europe and Asia, is tragically breaking down. Our surrender is being rationalized by the old hokum about trade leading to peaceful relations with the Com-

munist world. During the months ahead we are going to hear a prodigious amount of talk about "peaceful co-existence," and "the Chinese are different from the Russians," and "the satellites will ditch Russia if we trade with them."

ALL of this talk is the most specious wishful thinking. It ignores the seminal fact that Russia and China are out jointly for total world conquest, and that their D-Day is already set for sometime around 1970 when they will have caught up with us economically. It blinks the nightmarish fact that every machine tool, and generator, and locomotive, and farm tractor that we sell to Russia or China, will free the economies of those obsessed nations for greater and speedier war preparations.

As proof, we need turn no further than to the official words of the Communists themselves. The Comintern, in its 1928 resolutions, unqualifiedly declared that:

The peace policy of the proletarian state certainly does not imply that the Soviet state has become reconciled to capitalism. . . . It is merely . . . a more advantageous form of fighting capitalism, a form which the USSR has consistently employed since the October Revolution.

Let our international traders contemplate these words as they cynically tally the profits which they will snatch from Communist trade during the narrowing years before World War III.

The Passing of

ELLIS ISLAND

By Harry T. Brundidge

IT WAS 1907. All through the days of the year, Ellis Island swarmed with immigrants. Dressed in Old World clothing, watching their children, their bags, boxes and odd-looking luggage, each was dreaming of the promised land. Laughing, sobbing, scolding, day after day, they lined up for clearance.

After the steerage passage, they breathed fresh and free air into their lungs and blew fresh kisses at the Statue of Liberty. Railroad ticket hawkers — some thirty of them — chattered in a dozen languages about the virtues of their railroads, of cut-rate fares and of blessings and fortunes awaiting the immigrants in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other states. Countless thousands with no predetermined destinations listened, read the hand-distributed pamphlets in their various languages, and made up their minds.

As they bought tickets they were “tagged” to their destinations. Chil-

dren were leashed one to another and eventually to their parents and shepherded onto the ferries for the mainland and on to railroad stations and aboard trains to begin new lives in the great adventure. Others, without additional funds, were just dumped into lower Manhattan. That was the year of the Great Immigration when 1,285,349 immigrants passed through Ellis Island.

It’s another story today. The year 1954 will record less than 250,000 immigrants.

In the old days (prior to 1921), there were no restrictions on immigration. All an immigrant needed was to meet the demands of the ship lines (with pot-of-gold advertising all over Europe) for steerage fares. Under today’s immigration laws, immigrants are so thoroughly screened by our consular services abroad that they are immediately cleared aboard the ships upon which they arrive. Checks today are mere routine. Only an infinitesimal number of those now

arriving ever see Ellis Island, except from an incoming ship.

So the Immigration and Naturalization Service, a division of the Department of Justice, with business drying up, is going to close Ellis Island.

AMERICANS have a special interest in immigration, for we all — except for the Indians (and there's some doubt about that) — are immigrants or descendants of immigrants. We know it required the greatest flow of migration in modern times to provide the brains and brawn that built this nation. So it was with sadness we learned that America's greatest memorial to the immigrants is about to be disposed of by the Government.

It was with pride and pleasure that soon after we also learned that plans are under way for the establishment of an American Museum of Immigration. And at the base of the Statue of Liberty! The museum, which will contain exhibits, illustrations, photographs and historical and cultural records of the stream of immigration into this country for more than three centuries, is conceived as a shrine to national unity. Just as the Statue of Liberty itself is a shrine to the ideals of freedom, opportunity and justice that brought the millions from the Old World.



Sponsored by the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, the museum will be constructed by private subscription, but it will be administered by the National Park Service as an integral part of the Statue of Liberty Monument.

Now back to Ellis Island. This 27-acre isle in Upper New York Bay, a rifle shot SW of the tip of Manhattan Island, has been Government property since 1808, when it was purchased from Samuel Ellis for \$10,000. It was long the site of an arsenal and a fort, but its most famous years began in 1892, when it became the chief immigration station of the nation. But long before Ellis Island was designated as the chief immigration station, countless thousands of immigrants were pouring into the United States. Study the records, and you'll get a shock.

In the year 1820, a total of 8,385 "alien passengers" arrived. In the years between 1821-1830 the num-

ber was 143,439. Like locusts, they kept coming, as we see from these figures:

1831-1840.....	599,125
1841-1850.....	1,713,251
1851-1860.....	2,598,214
1861-1870.....	2,314,824
1871-1880.....	2,812,191
1881-1890.....	5,246,613
1891-1900.....	3,687,546
1901-1910.....	8,795,386
1911-1920.....	5,735,811
1921-1930.....	4,107,209
1931-1940.....	528,431
1941-1950.....	1,035,039

WALK AROUND Ellis Island, with Edward J. Shaughnessy, District Director of Immigration and Naturalization. He lives on the island and knows the melancholy which has now fallen upon it. Gone is the laughter of little children, the hustle and bustle, the whispering and scolding of adults. The sun beach — divided by a high wall to give the ladies privacy — is deserted. The dormitories — equipped to handle 2,000 sleeping-in “guests” — are almost empty. A few seamen, awaiting deportation, sat around in the huge assembly and recreation room, smoking, playing checkers, and listening to the radio. The whole place was austere.

“The fate of the island has not been decided,” said Shaughnessy.

“There are many bids for it from the City and State of New York. It could be converted — well, into almost anything.”

Hundreds of stories are told about inmates on Ellis Island, but there are two I like best:

One: Fred Bauer, a German, was a suspected spy. He fought his case through the courts, and eventually appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. His wife was permitted to live with him on Ellis Island. While “guests” of the Government, they had two children. After five years, Bauer “tired of the food,” “the sun bathing,” and “the fishing,” dropped his deportation appeal to the Supreme Court, and decided to return to Germany — which he did, with his family.

Two: This is the only case in the history of the Immigration and Naturalization Division in which an American citizen insisted he was a foreigner. It is the case of Harry Gurgeson. Gurgeson, arriving on a ship from England (with no passport) insisted he was Prince Michael Romanoff. He was scooped up and confined at Ellis Island. He didn’t like it, got a guard drunk, found a log, paddled it to Manhattan and today is the proprietor of Romanoff’s Hollywood restaurant.

Shaughnessy laughed. “You can never tell what might happen on Ellis.”





The Home of "Little Boy Blue"



By Ruth Louise Johnson



ONE DAY in December, 1936, with snowflakes swirling about them, several hundred school children stood outside the childhood home of Eugene Field in St. Louis. Mrs. Ruth Foster, Field's daughter from Tomahawk, Wisconsin, unlocked the door.

Speeches of dedication were made, and a little girl in a white lace dress and pink sash recited "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat." Then the children, whose pennies had helped to save this home from destruction, trooped through the building.

The house, which is maintained by the Board of Education, has been furnished as a museum with numerous articles which belonged to Field. There is the bed in which he wrote "Little Boy Blue" and in which he died; the chair from his den, over which he always hung his coat and vest; and his manuscripts. There are many items from his numerous collections, including the Gladstone Ax, his most treasured curio, which the British statesman had used in cutting down trees.

Eugene Field is called "The Poet Laureate of Childhood," and schools all over the country are named in his honor. He wrote of simple things, saying: "There are plenty of people to write about bear hunts and lion

chases. I prefer to hang around the fireside where the heart always loves to cling."

He had a fox terrier named Jessie, which he called his literary critic. He read every poem for Jessie before sending it out for publication. If Jessie's tail wagged it meant approval. Appropriately, Jessie's collar is now in the Museum.

A few years ago, when it was announced that this building would be torn down, letters from other cities poured in, offering to help save the home. Some St. Louis citizens became interested and school children contributed \$1,800 in pennies, nickels and dimes. So the home was restored, and with its white doorway, green shutters, and walled garden, it has become one of America's literary shrines.

Each year in December, a Christmas tree is set up in the home, decorated with old-fashioned ornaments, some of which are 100 years old. Heavy glass balls in different colors, as large as grapefruit, are hung on the branches, and nutshells wrapped in tin foil. There are animals, frogs and fish made of pressed paper, and a small walnut cabinet containing toy dishes bought in 1878. Dolls in an old doll buggy are there, and nearby are a gingham dog and a calico cat.



Those **FORGOTTEN FORTUNES**

By Joseph Stocker

TUCKED AWAY and forgotten in old trunks and dresser drawers all over America are securities which their owners presume — for one reason or another — to be quite worthless. But, according to investment experts, many of these so-called worthless securities have value — possibly even great value.

A lot of them are stocks and bonds bought during the flush and giddy 'twenties. Many companies defaulted, and many people who bought their securities have died. Perhaps they failed to leave wills, or, if they left wills, neglected to list the securities because they assumed them to be valueless. Meanwhile, the companies involved may have undergone reorganization, and the securities may be accumulating dust — and uncollected dividends — because the heirs are unaware of their value.

In other cases, holders of supposedly worthless securities have moved from one place to another over the years, leaving no forward-

ing addresses. The companies in question have gone through various mutations — mergers, consolidations and the like. They or their agents have tried in vain to reach their peripatetic stockholders. If the stockholders only realized it, there's money waiting for them in some bank or trust company.

Possibly you're one of these "missing" stockholders. If so, it's a good idea to get in touch with a broker. Turn over to him those old and yellowing stock certificates you've carted from house to house only because you hated to throw anything away. Or, if you live in a small town having no brokerage firms, you can get help from someone at your local bank who handles investments.

ACASE in point is that of a young and troubled housewife who was desperate for money. Her husband was ill and the bills were piling up. Leafing through old files, she came across some shares of preferred

stock in a New Jersey hotel corporation which long since had defaulted.

She supposed they were worthless, but she was grasping at anything. She visited a broker. He checked up and found that the hotel had been acquired by new owners, who were at that moment reorganizing the firm and cleaning up its old debts. Turned out the stock was worth \$565 — plus accrued dividends.

In New York there's even a firm which makes a specialty of tracking down lost stockholders. It's called the Tracer Company of America, and it gets paid for its work by the companies themselves. They're willing to pay because they want to bring to a halt the continuing expense of keeping books on the lost stockholders, sending out annual reports and so forth.

Oil and mining stocks frequently figure in these caches of forgotten securities. For many an American succumbed to the lure of the wildcat oil strike and the million-dollar mother lode, and then was too embarrassed about it to tell his family or to list it in his will. In many cases, the stock is just as valueless as Papa supposed it to be. But in other cases something may have happened to make it worth some money.

Recently, for instance, a middle-aged man, who had been blinded in an industrial accident and was barely able to make ends meet, turned up at a broker's office with some old

Oklahoma oil stock. His father had bought it many years before, and he didn't even know of its existence until his wife started searching through a desk. When a drawer was pulled out, the certificate was found wedged against the inside of the desk.

The broker, checking up, learned that the oil company had got into trouble during the depression. A new company had been formed and there had been an exchange of stock in the new firm for stock in the old. The blind man's father had exchanged his stock, then slipped the certificate into an envelope and put it into the desk drawer. Meanwhile, the new oil company had done spectacularly well. And the stock has turned out to be worth more than \$3,000 to a very much surprised and delighted blind man.

THERE also may be some unexpected windfalls in foreign bonds. Back in the 1920's, when the U.S. was embarking on its first adventures in internationalism, a lot of these bonds were acquired by American investors. Ethnic loyalties motivated many of the investments: Germans bought German bonds; Czechs in America wanted to help their plucky little motherland get on its feet. And so it went.

Then the governments which issued the bonds were overthrown. Successor regimes defaulted on the debts, or repudiated them outright. The two World Wars had a dev-

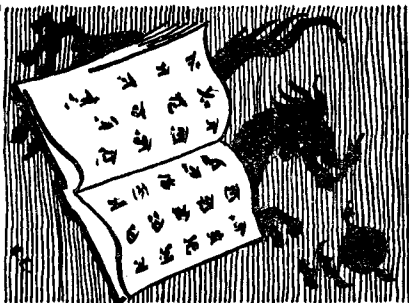
astating effect on many securities. And the U.S. Internal Revenue Bureau helped create the impression that they were no good, for the tax collector ruled that certain foreign bonds were worthless as of World War II and could be written off in income tax returns. Yet a lot of them — whatever the fate of the governments which issued them — still have value. Some have developed extraordinary value just lately. But many of the people holding these securities are oblivious to the fact.

THUS the case, not long ago, of a widow who found some prewar Japanese bonds — Oriental Developments, they were called — among her husband's effects. She was about to toss them away when her son intervened. "Before you do that," he said, "let's call a broker and see if they're worth anything."

The widow called a broker. He happened to know that the postwar Japanese government was renegotiating a settlement of its prewar debts. He urged the lady to hold her bonds another year, until the settlement had been negotiated. She followed his advice. As a result, she's now collecting \$30 in current interest every six months plus another \$30 installment on back interest twice a year — for a total of \$120 a year. When her bonds mature in 10 years, she'll have collected a total of \$2,200 on her husband's original \$950 investment.

One of the strangest instances of "worthless" securities being not quite so worthless after all is that of the old Imperial Russian government bonds. The Soviets long ago repudiated the debt, but there is still brisk trading in Russian bonds — mostly among speculators. The bonds fluctuate wildly in value according to whatever mischief the Communists are up to at the moment. When the Reds signed the non-aggression pact with Germany, the Imperial Russians sank to a low of 50 cents for each \$100 bond. In 1945, when it looked as if Russia wanted to get along with the world, the value went up to \$22. Then, as the Cold War deepened, it plummeted again. Later, with the death of Stalin, the Czarist bonds rose once more to \$5.

Some brokers charge as high as 50 per cent commission for converting old and forgotten securities into cash — especially if the transaction involves lost certificates, establishment of ownership, etc. But quite a few brokers handle matters like this without charge, as a gesture of goodwill. They know that the people involved are usually not investment-minded, and the brokers can make new friends and customers by turning "worthless" stocks and bonds into good, green money. It takes only a normal amount of know-how on their part. But it seems like magic to securities-holders who never thought they'd see the day when cash would roll in from Papa's folly.



BY WARREN KUHN

RED CHINA

behind the footlights

THE THEATER in China is almost as old as the weathered loess hills or the most ancient of ancient temples. Wandering troupes of players are as familiar to the average Chinese as his bowl of rice.

Today, however, under the calculating direction of the Communists, Chinese drama has been utterly transformed. It now must perform its true function in the Red scheme: the advance of the Party and its mission of world Communism.

An actor who cannot speak the Party line trippingly on the tongue can apply for the labor battalions. Playwrights must join in teams and collaborate in groups. Playwrighting is now the "collective writing system."

Yet the most frightening fact of all is that the plays are a tremendous popular success! Currently, the most successful drama on the Red Chinese boards is one with a very dull title indeed: "The Question of Thought."

It revolves around the supposed conversion of a number of intellectuals who, through detailed reform of their thinking — Red Chinese "brain-washing" — become fiery and thoroughly loyal supporters of Comrade Mao Tse-tung and their true friends, the benevolent Soviet Union.

Laid in a background of classrooms in the North China People's Revolutionary University, the play gives to its audience everything found in the latest Hollywood ex-

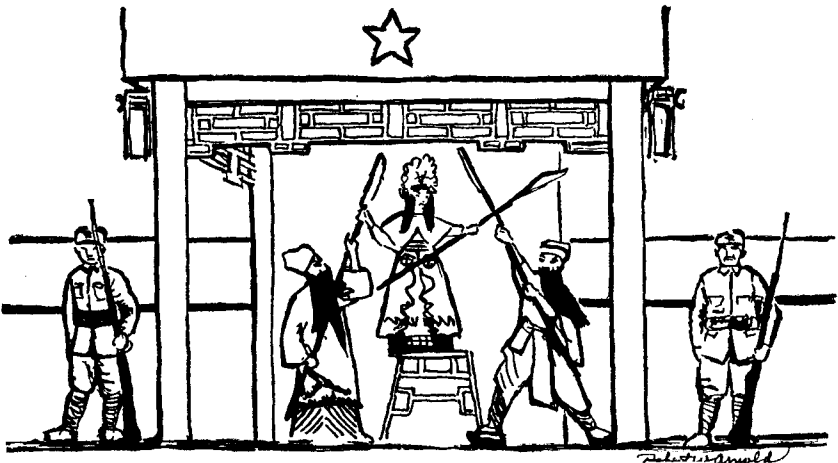
travaganza. There is dark mystery well salted with counter-plotting, lofty sentiment and desperate scenes of conflict, and of course the inevitable love interest.

To appreciate such a play is to appreciate the workings of the Chinese Communist Party and its most treasured weapon: *mind control*.

Though first used by the Russians and developed by them into an intricate and deadly science, the techniques of brain-washing have now passed into the feverishly eager hands of the Chinese Communists. Here it is flowering into a new and fresher bloom. Every normal instinct, every emotion is reversed and made abnormal. The abnormal, such as implanted hate, children without parents, spying upon one's own father and mother, have become the Party's backbone.

IN THE PLAY, "The Question of Thought," such methods as these are brought into the flickering glow of footlights. Among the play's cast of characters are a thoroughly embittered officer of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang army, a landlord's son, a very sensitive university graduate and a pretty girl interested in only surface happiness.

They are brought together during the play's unfolding and converted solely through endless thought-criticism at group discussions held in the Revolutionary University to which they have been sent for "saving" by the all-wise Communists. They literally go through agonies of self-doubt and bewilderment as they search their minds for their deepest political sins. At the drama's end, they are sure they have purged themselves and now, exultant, they know noth-



ing, believe in nothing, save Chinese Communism.

The play is a collective effort, the resultant script of three writers from the Central Drama School in Peking. This school is administered by the Ministry of Culture, under the figurehead of Dr. Mei Lan-fang, the famous Chinese actor-singer.

The writers, working as they did under this annoying collective pressure, have placed into the play's dialogue every major and every remote aspect of the Party's policy and its myriad, hampering regulations. They had to. Their script, when finished, is subject to the criticism of anyone of authority who wishes to have a hand in the matter. This, to Red China, is the true people's democratic way in action.

The main character, Chow Cheng-hua, begins in the play as an American devotee, thoroughly convinced of the goodness of democracy as exemplified in the American way of life. At the end of the drama, much to the joy and relief of the audience, he shouts aloud that he has seen the error of his ways. He cries that there is no middle road; on the one side are the imperialists, on the other, the Communist Party and the people.

OPENING in August, 1949, the play leaped ahead in popularity and soon was touring the entire country. Red claims have been advanced that this popularity was due to public acclaim. Tickets were ex-

tremely hard to obtain. Entire show-houses were completely sold out days in advance.

Once on the boards the play was even more of a success. Box-office records shot skyward. Discussion groups read the play's text as a glowing example to follow. The script itself was published in book form and later made into a motion picture.

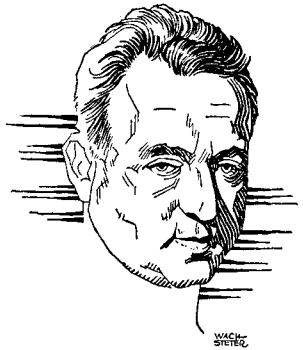
Almost as interesting as the play's action is the amazing audience reaction at the end of the fourth and final act. As the final confessions pop from repentant "sinners" the blare of bugles, trumpets and gongs is heard and the actors walk offstage toward a mythical area where the Revolution needs them most. This is the signal for the drama's end and the music, noise, and repentant "heroes" are too much for the audience.

As reported by Chinese who have seen the play, a wave of emotion and fervor sweeps those within the theater. They rush up to the stage and onto it, grabbing the hands of the actors and shaking them vigorously. Meanwhile others pound them on the back for the wonderful performance.

This is the signal for the actors to burst into a pro-Communist song of the Revolution. Immediately the audience joins in and from all sides come intense expressions, wrung from shaking lips, that in the future each of them as individuals would devote himself to the people.

A CALL TO ANGER

By Eugene Lyons



DR. FELIX FUDDLPUSS, fellow-traveler emeritus and knight templar of the true liberal faith, continues to whine about hysteria rampant in the special America he inhabits. He watches, deliciously excited, as hordes of witch-hunters trample on the Bill of Rights against skies ablaze with book-burnings.

He likes his imaginary country, where he can be a hero without risk and a martyr without pain, where he can have the thrill of "standing alone" and unscared in a vast company that includes the Elmer Davises and Bishop Oxnam's, the Eleanor Roosevelts and Adlai Stevensons. Should he suffer a momentary lapse into reality, these respectable fellow-heroes are ever ready to reassure him his never-never land where terror reigns is real.

Meanwhile workaday America, far from living up to the lurid hallucinations of Fuddlpuss and his friends, appears not only unhysterical but plainly apathetic. It seems hardly aware of crowding dangers at home and abroad. It adjusts itself to Communist skulduggery with the greatest of ease. In short, it is providing, for the wonder of generations to come, a spectacle of indifference in the face of menace and complacency under a drumfire of insult without match in the history of great nations.

Occasionally, of course, the country does show signs of annoyance. Even a ruminating cow will switch its tail to flick off too-persistent flies. But rarely, any more, are the American people moved to real indignation, loud and lusty and uninhibited. They seem in these postwar years to

have become inured to humiliation and outrage, accustomed to “taking” taunts and blows and defeats without wincing, anxious only to avoid provoking their enemies or alarming their friends.

America, from all appearances, has lost its capacity for anger. Foes at home and abroad now assume that they can bait and belt us to their heart’s content with impunity.

Consider, for example, the fact that American boys, at least hundreds and perhaps thousands of them, languish in Communist captivity at this very moment. They are being worked to death in slave-labor camps, processed in torture chambers, brainwashed for future use against their native land.

LET’S NOT PRETEND that Americans are unaware of this enormity. The facts of the wholesale abduction of American prisoners of war are common knowledge; so are the horrors to which the victims are being subjected. Many books about Red concentration camps have spelled out for the world what it means to be a helpless, forgotten prisoner of the Communists.

Just to think about it is to be chilled to the bone. So we avoid thinking! We behave as if the terrifying thing wasn’t there. We have schooled ourselves in the years of dishonor to shut our minds and hearts against unpleasant realities. How often, in your own home or office or club, does anyone desist

from the trivia of the hour long enough to mention the enslaved American sons and brothers?

Time was when injustice to a single American citizen by a foreign nation caused an uproar. Now the rare American who does get worked up over the forcible detention of his countrymen, who clamors that we do something about it, seems eccentric, obsessed, and a “warmonger” to boot.

In recent years the average American has received a liberal education on the operations of the Kremlin conspiracy. He has been shown the techniques and some of the personages involved in large-scale infiltration of our national life, espionage cells within the government, penetrations of industries, schools, churches, trade unions, the press, the entertainment fields.

His first reaction was one of skepticism. That sort of thing couldn’t really happen in the good old U.S.A. . . . Americans of respectable origin and background wouldn’t really turn Soviet agents . . .

In time, disbelief gave way to mild shock. A few specific episodes — such as the Alger Hiss trials, the Harry Dexter White affair, the atomic energy disclosures — compelled attention by their sheer drama.

Then boredom set in, and it’s been setting ever since. By now, the public response to additional evidence of Red mischief, even unto outright treason by American Com-

munists and their entourage, runs the gamut from indifference to bored curiosity. Run-of-the-mill espionage and infiltration cases rate, at best, a few paragraphs on inside pages. The front pages and editorial columns are reserved for lambasting legislators and others who have the temerity to make a fuss over such things.

The relatively few who are vocal and incensed on the issue seem sore-heads and troublemakers. They are intruders on the national calm — the calm, alas, not of self-discipline but of self-delusion. To judge by the public reaction, one might suppose that betrayal of the American heritage and enlistment in the fifth columns of a hostile power are civic privileges guaranteed by the Constitution.

I RECALL a day at the first Hiss trial when a strange young intellectual, one Julian Wadleigh, testified about his own career in Soviet spying while an official of the State Department. Shielded by the statute of limitations, he chose to tell the shabby story in some detail and even, believe it or not, in tones of perverse pride — as though he had been engaged, in the final analysis, in an “idealistic” enterprise that somehow misfired.

A few of us in the courtroom were shocked. Here, at last, was a clear and forthright example of Kremlin-esque infiltration in high places and subversion of American officialdom.

So we watched, in the days that followed, for some sign of public concern, resentment or alarm. It never came. The Wadleigh testimony was briefly reported but apparently did not rate editorial comment. No one was aroused to anger.

Already the betrayal of secrets to a foreign dictatorship was being treated as a matter of course, unworthy of special attention or emotion. Since that time, the general complacency has spread like a damp fog on the spirit of America.

Under its protection, pro-Sovieteering witnesses have dropped all restraint in vilifying Congressmen on committees of inquiry and smearing former Communists who have the decency to cooperate with the government. They come to the hearings flanked by cocky lawyers and sometimes backed by a friendly claque in the audience, with prepared statements attacking the legislators; then they proceed to pour forth their contempt for Congress and public opinion.

And why not? They know from the experience of no less arrogant comrades who preceded them that the press and radio commentators will give them the benefit of doubt, to the point, in some instances, of applauding their fine “courage.”

This fantastic popular tolerance for domestic Reds is matched by indifference to insult and injury at the hands of foreign Reds.

In the days before Tito broke with the Kremlin, his bravos shot down

an American airplane that had accidentally strayed off its course. Five of our boys were killed. The nation's sense of honor had not yet been completely chloroformed, so there was a flareup of indignation.

But so rapid was the process of conditioning to Red outrage that some months later, when the bodies of the victims were brought home, the event was barely noticed.

In the intervening years, of course, the shooting down of American planes and the killing of American airmen have become commonplaces of the news budget. A recent listing of these murderous blows in the *New York Times*, on the occasion of the latest in the series, filled nearly a column. The score of death at this writing stands at 45. But who's upset, who's mad? Presumably the use of free-world airplanes as targets by trigger-happy Reds is an established Kremlin prerogative.

IN PRIVATE LIFE, an American who is called foul names and pelted with obscene accusations is likely to take it hard. But collectively, Americans accept that kind of thing without any symptoms of irritation. The Vishinskys, the Maliks, and their henchmen from the satellite regimes cuss out America and throw mud at its officials, day after day, without risking so much as the embarrassment of a hostile demonstration.

Indeed, having unloaded their quotas of lies and abuse, these extra-

territorial guests continue to mix with Americans at social gatherings. They appear at public banquets and pose beamingly for American cameramen. In one case, after delivering one of the vilest of his attacks on good Americans, Comrade Vishinsky hurried off to a luncheon — on the yacht of a well-heeled American ex-official.

I am not suggesting that the Red plenipotentiaries be subjected to personal unpleasantness. I am merely pointing out that they are not molested. Does it not seem extraordinary, against nature almost, that among the millions whom they besmirch and deride, not one ever gets angry enough to show it?

If this passivity were calculated self-restraint, it would speak well for American character and discipline. But it is nothing of the sort. What is involved is an amazing national apathy, an attrition of sensitivity, a decline of the country's sense of honor.

This incapacity for honest anger, I submit, is strange and disheartening. Does it betoken an eroded will to survive? Does it mean that we have forgotten the meaning of old-fashioned concepts of dignity and honor? Does it suggest that there is some truth in the Communist claim that the West, and America in particular, have become decadent?

Americans who cherish their nation's traditions would do well to ponder such questions.

PRISONERS

WHO VOLUNTEER, BLOOD, FLESH — AND THEIR LIVES

By Don Wharton

ON A RAW DAY in February, 1953, sixty-two gray-clad inmates lined up in the prison hospital of New York's Sing Sing. Each stripped to the waist and held out an arm to a doctor holding a syringe. The doctor slipped his needle into each arm, pushed the plunger and injected the man with syphilis germs.

The 62 men had volunteered to contract syphilis and undergo months of tedious medical examinations, then repeated blood-sampling and penicillin treatments.

Fifty-four of the volunteers had had syphilis at one time or another. After the injections, half of these 54 developed syphilis again. The other eight volunteers had never had syphilis. They were the key to the entire study. The scientists were trying to find out whether the body can develop immunity to this disease. If so, then a vaccine might one day be perfected. But there was little value in getting data on what the injections did to men who had had syphilis without corresponding data on what the injections did to

men who had never had it. The names of the eight volunteers, today kept secret, may one day appear on some roll of honor. For every one of them got syphilis from the injections — and thus science acquired an accurate yardstick for measuring the development of immunity to it among the men who had had it. What did the volunteers get out of it? A carton of cigarettes brought in by the doctors at Christmas time, a brief note on their records, and the good feeling which comes from having done something to help others.

This was not the first medical study made possible by Sing Sing volunteers. During World War II, for example, scores of inmates took atabrine daily for weeks to help the Army find whether soldiers taking the drug could carry full work loads. Later, 700 inmates volunteered to take an influenza vaccine, and four years ago 13 prisoners donated small pieces of muscle tissue and blood samples for a New York University arthritis study.

Sing Sing is not the only prison whose inmates are volunteering as human guinea pigs. At the Illinois State Penitentiary last summer I talked with three volunteers whose temperatures that week had reached 107 degrees. One was serving a term for robbery, another for auto thefts, and the third was doing 30 years for murder. Each had voluntarily contracted malaria in order to "feed" mosquitoes used in laboratory experiments. That means the prisoner endures the chills, sweats, pains and aches without help from suppressive drugs, then day after day lets a wire cage of 200 hungry mosquitoes feed on his arm for half an hour. You could see the mosquitoes biting away, raising hundreds of welts, infecting themselves so they could be used to transmit malaria to more volunteers.

Two days earlier I had been at the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, talking with three bank robbers who had volunteered for hepatitis studies. One of them had become so ill that specialists were brought in from Baltimore and Washington to save his life. He was in a coma for days. He received transfusions and oxygen, was fed through the veins, developed pneumonia, and his weight dropped from 210 to 145 pounds.

Altogether, inmates in 12 state prisons and 9 Federal prisons have helped medical studies by giving their blood, flesh — and, in four known cases, their lives.

THE FIRST known example of American medical research leaning on prison volunteers was in 1915. Joseph Goldberger, a noted figure in research, was trying to find out what caused pellagra. He had cured it by substituting a good diet for a poor one. This suggested that an unsuitable diet caused the disease. To prove it he would have to put human beings on an unsuitable diet and observe them for months. But who would volunteer to risk getting this serious illness? Goldberger thought of the men on Mississippi's huge prison farm, which was pellagra-free. He talked with the governor, who weighed the risk, then cut all red tape and offered pardons to prison volunteers.

In 1915, a dozen prisoners — murderers, robbers and forgers — moved into a camp in the center of the 3200-acre farm. For two months they ate a normal diet and showed no signs of pellagra. Then in April they were put on a diet familiar to many poor Southerners — mainly biscuits, corn bread, grits, rice, sweet potatoes, fried mush, and black coffee. The volunteers ate as much as they wanted, but in a few weeks headaches, backaches, stomach pains and dizziness began to appear. By late summer, the men were haggard, weak, unable to work. Five developed a telltale rash. Goldberger brought in expert diagnosticians, who agreed it was pellagra. The volunteers were freed.

There are hundreds of men and

women in our prisons today who have risked and endured similar ordeals in return for a certificate, a few dollars, or 30 days off their sentences. Many inmates volunteer for research service when no reward at all is promised. Last July, 46 men in Louisiana's Angola prison farm began receiving inoculations as part of a search for a better, less painful rabies serum. They volunteered without any reward in sight. "They just wanted to be of some service," the warden reported, "and had courage enough to do it, however dangerous."

ONE of the most hazardous investigations for which prisoners ever volunteered carried no promise of reward. In the summer of 1942, the inmates of the State Prison Colony at Norfolk, Massachusetts, were assembled in the main auditorium. On the platform with the warden were a Navy Medical Corps admiral, the state commissioner of correction, and Dr. Edwin J. Cohn, Harvard's distinguished biological chemist. The war had created a shortage of blood plasma and the Navy wanted to test a substitute derived from the blood of beef cattle.

The inmates were told that a volunteer would receive an injection of nearly an ounce of the material into his blood stream, that his health might be impaired, that death was possible — in which event the government would defray funeral

expenses. One inmate spoke against it, saying he owed nothing to a society that had put him in jail, but he was shushed by the others. Out of 750 inmates, 222 volunteered. And of these, 7 out of 10 would have been eligible for parole in two years or less!

In September, the investigators injected 64 volunteers with a purified fraction of beef blood. Before the month was out, 20 men were reacting badly, eight were seriously ill with high fever, rashes and joint pains, and one was dead. The experiment was stopped, but some volunteers who hadn't received their injections urged it be continued. "We're not afraid," they said. "Let's not leave this half done." One doctor present throughout it all stated later, "In prisons you find the same kind of idealism as you do anywhere else."

In the past two years, three volunteers have died in helping medical men learn more about serum hepatitis. They were among 533 inmates of the three Federal prisons, Lewisburg, McNeil Island, and Ashland, who let Public Health Service physicians inject them with blood substances contaminated with the hepatitis virus. The doctors warned them they might get the disease, there was no specific treatment for it, and it could be fatal. The wardens told them the only reward would be \$9 a month and a 30-day reduction of sentence. Still they volunteered, and 130 contracted hepatitis. At

McNeil Island, three went into comas, two died. But the volunteering continued.

The hepatitis studies were launched because so many civilians and servicemen were getting the disease after they had received a blood plasma transfusion — one in 200 ordinarily, and many more when the plasma was pooled. The doctors wanted to find out how effective were various methods of safeguarding and sterilizing blood and blood products. No known animals were susceptible to serum hepatitis and no laboratory tests would suffice. Through prison volunteers the doctors proved that blood plasma exposed to ultra-violet rays or heat for sterilization was not safe, but that gamma globulin and serum albumin, processed from blood plasma, were, even when such blood fractions were processed from contaminated plasma.

FOR TEN YEARS, inmates of the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta and the Illinois State Penitentiary have been voluntarily baring their arms to malaria-infected mosquitoes, contracting the disease, then undergoing test treatment with new drugs. Some 3,000 men have taken part in these investigations. Our entire new arsenal of anti-malarial weapons was developed speedily because of these volunteers.

The first great accomplishment came in World War II when our main supply of quinine was cut off by the Japanese. Our troops were

fighting in many malaria-infested regions, and numerous new anti-malarial agents were being investigated by giving them to birds and monkeys. To test them on man, a Public Health Service team headed by Dr. G. Robert Coatney went to the Atlanta Penitentiary, called for help, and the first day got 300 volunteers.

"All I can promise you," Dr. Coatney said, "is a chance to get sick. You'll get so sick you'll hate me."

Each man was bitten by ten infected mosquitoes. When he sickened, he was put to bed, permitted no drugs until his attack was full-blown, and then was given the drug called for by the number he'd drawn. Sometimes there were more than 30 volunteers in the Atlanta malaria ward, on double-decker bunks, some with raging fever as high as 106 degrees. From these tests and the others in Illinois came proof that test drug SN-7618, later called chloroquine, was a suppressive and therapeutic far superior to quinine. By 1945, it was being rushed to soldiers around the world.

Each volunteer at Atlanta received a certificate, \$100, and the right to wear on his shirt an emblem saying, "Malaria Project." One volunteer, on being offered his certificate, put his hands behind his back and said, "I don't want to touch it — this was the only decent thing I ever did."

Inmates of the Illinois prison helped scientists in studies of indus-

trial radioactivity. They have eaten food treated with an organism that causes diarrhea, taken injections which brought on dysentery, and enlisted in three-month tests involving wearing clothing impregnated with an insect repellent suspected of causing skin disorders.

WHY DO prisoners volunteer? There's no single answer. One long-term, ill with malaria, told me, "I just need that \$25." Another, three beds away, said, "Frankly, I'm bucking for a parole." One hepatitis volunteer, a woman serving a life-sentence for murder, said she "had relatives fighting in Korea."

An experienced prison psychologist warned against too much weight being attached to the reasons given for volunteering. "The inmate who says he did it for money may actually be doing it to help others."

Dr. Austin MacCormick, a leading prison authority, says, "Prisoners volunteer chiefly because of a social conscience which many of them do not realize they have. Selfish motives play a secondary role. They welcome a chance to do some good to balance part of the harm they have done. Such projects boost the individual's morale enormously, and give the entire institution a lift."

Doctors who have worked closely with volunteers report that many inmates get so interested in the experiments that they volunteer for

laboratory work, or seek to become nurse's aides, prison nurses or hospital technicians. At New Jersey's Clinton Farms one girl serving 7 years for embezzlement worked so well on hepatitis experiments that she was paroled to become a technician at a university hospital. At Illinois State Penitentiary, one malaria volunteer in 1944 was Charles Ickes, serving a life sentence for armed robbery. After he recovered he asked for work as a nurse and began training as a technician. Three years ago he took examinations and became a medical technologist. Also working in the prison laboratory today is Kenneth Rucker, a commercial fisherman serving 99 years for murder. He has become an expert parasitologist.

After weeks of visiting prisons and health authorities, talking with wardens, doctors, scientists, and volunteers in bed and out, there keeps coming back to me one unforgettable scene in the hospital at the Illinois penitentiary. The 99-year-man who is now a parasitologist was sitting next to me at a desk explaining his work with malaria slides. Into the room came a volunteer who is serving a life sentence for murder; he lay down on a couch, rolled up a sleeve and received a test inoculation administered by Ickes, the medical technologist who's also in for life. As Warden Joseph Ragen of that penitentiary says, "Men are not entirely lost if they are willing to help other people."



HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

By Howard Rushmore



A SPECTER is sweeping the Communist Party — the specter of patriotism. Not since the gay days of 1936-39 when the comrades proclaimed "Communism is the Americanism of the twentieth century" has the local Moscow contingent been so interested in the Red, White and Blue.

Oddly enough, the standard publications such as the *Daily Worker*, *Masses and Mainstream* and the *March of Labor* reflect only vague glimpses of this rediscovered pride of country. It remained for *Party Voice*, the handbook of the Communist hierarchy, to roll back the semantic curtain.

It was done by a belligerent comrade who calls himself Andrew Montgomery. Five will get you ten that this isn't Andy's real moniker. Writing in a recent issue of *Party Voice* under the title "Our National Pride," Andy proclaims "Let 'Em Drink Coke."

It is done with a straight face and you can bet that neither Andy nor the comrade editors have a sense of humor about the matter.

"Take the question of Coca Cola," writes Andrew. "It is one thing for the French people to wage a struggle against this drink which symbolized the role of Wall Street in their country. But it is an entirely different thing within the United States.

Coca Cola is an accepted and popular drink here, and does not symbolize the policy of the government. Those comrades, then, who stop drinking it for political reasons demonstrate nothing but their own inability to understand that it is impossible to substitute internationalism for national pride at this stage of the struggle."

No mention is made of Pepsi, Tapa and the other "colas"; but the old-fashioned Coke has been approved and from now on will presumably be the standard refreshment around cell meetings.

Then there was the matter of Moscow athletes. "During the recent chess matches and certainly in the Olympics," writes Andy, "many comrades expressed their sympathy for the Soviet teams and their achievements." This, says Tovarish Montgomery, is not the right attitude.

So, comes the resolution — to be patriotic. Few Americans will be fooled by it and fewer comrades. But it does prove that Communists can be funny, particularly when they don't intend to be.

The MERCURY will continue to analyze Communist publications and official Red literature in order that its readers can be kept informed on what the local Moscow mob is thinking and trying to do.

ELMER

DAVIS



Runs Scared

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

BETWEEN Executive Order 9182 of June 13, 1942, and Executive Order 9608 of August 31, 1945, lies the story of one of the weirdest of all the boondoggles of the New Deal Era. With the first of these presidential edicts, the Office of War Information (OWI) was born; with the second it was laid to rest in the alphabetical cemetery where AAA, CCC, NRA, OEM, OFF, OGR, and scores of other boondoggling bones were already interred.

There were few, if any, mourners at the bier of OWI; almost all of its pay-rollers — 7,482 to be exact — were transferred to the State Department, without the loss of an hour's claim on Uncle Taxpayer.

Many of these 7,482 OWI pay-rollers were bottle-scarred veterans of Washington's war-time cocktail front, civilians who had valiantly endangered their stomachs and livers — to say nothing of their allergies — in their heroic support of the millions of American fighting men who were giving or risking their lives in military combat all over the world.

When the State Department, at one gulp, swallowed these 7,482 veterans from the Office of War (it should have been Weird) Informa-

tion, only 2,687 of them had been cleared for "security" by the Civil Service Commission.

Civilian "generalissimo" of the Office of War Information was one Elmer Holmes Davis (hereinafter referred to simply as Elmer), Rhodes Scholar, advocate of a "New Bible," and veteran left-winger in the ideological war of words.

Elmer's OWI was the most grotesque agglomeration of Communists, pro-Communists, Socialists, pinkos, phoney intellectuals, fake liberals, homosexuals, and perennial misfits ever recruited, *sans uniform*.

A very large part of Elmer's recent book, *But We Were Born Free*, is devoted to verbal writhing, with obvious mental anguish, on the subject of Congressional investigating committees and their chairmen, limited naturally to those committees which have investigated and exposed the Communist conspiracy. Of the United States Senator from Nevada, Elmer writes: "McCarran used to grab his victim by the throat and shake him till he had got everything out of him . . ." This is, of course, a picturesque figure of speech and should not be taken literally. Translated from Elmerese into plain English, it means that Senator Pat McCarran and his committee did their

work so thoroughly and so well that they unearthed a large part of the truth about some of Elmer's pals.

IF IT IS TRUE that everything has its reasons, it is certainly true that some of these reasons are easier to find than others. Among the most easily found of all reasons is the one which accounts for Elmer's consuming hatred for Congressional committees which have turned the spotlight upon Communism. Elmer and some of his closest associates have fared badly at the investigative hands of these committees.

For example, Senator McCarran's Subcommittee on Internal Security exposed to public view the long service to the Soviet cause of two of Elmer's top OWI executives; namely, Owen Lattimore and Joseph Fels Barnes.

Whatever the courts may eventually find with respect to the charges of perjury against Owen Lattimore, the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate, composed of seven Democratic and six Republican members, rendered a unanimous verdict against Lattimore which reads as follows: "Owen Lattimore was, from some time beginning in the 1930's, a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspir-



acy." It would be hard to imagine a graver charge against an American citizen. The charge, let it be noted, covered the period of Lattimore's tenure as Deputy Director of Pacific Operations, in Elmer's Office of Weird Information. Lattimore, naturally, has denied the charge.

With respect to Joseph Fels Barnes, the Committee on Judiciary of the United States Senate reported that he had "collaborated with agents of the Soviet intelligence apparatus as shown by sworn testimony." This testimony, let it be noted, covered the period of Barnes' tenure as Deputy Director of the Overseas Branch, in Elmer's Office of Weird Information. Barnes, naturally, has denied the testimony.

In less than a year after Elmer had organized his OWI staff, the CIO and the AFL protested against his extensive employment of Communists. In the case of the CIO, this appears to have been an example of the kettle calling the pot black, for the CIO itself was, at that time, heavily loaded with Communists.

In his broadcasts to Europe, Joe Barnes was using an outfit known as the Almanac Singers, which was nothing more than an adjunct of the Communist Party and publicly known as such.

Barnes placed one Travis K. Hedrick in charge of the labor desk for European broadcasts. Hedrick was already widely known in labor organizations as a loyal pro-Communist. (Hedrick has been identified in

sworn testimony as a member of the Communist Party.) Hedrick was sponsored for his strategic position in the OWI by two notorious Communists, Edwin S. Smith and Len DeCaux. Hedrick was the straw that broke the back of the CIO-AFL collaboration with Elmer's OWI.

A VOLUME much thicker than Elmer's born-free book could be written about the unsavory characters who were a part of Elmer's Office of Weird Information; but in the whole gallery of such characters, one would stand out; namely, Baron Wolfgang Gans Elder Herr zu Putlitz (variously known as zu Putlitz and von Putlitz, but hereinafter referred to simply as Putlitz).

Putlitz came to Elmer's myth-disseminating OWI in the guise of an ex-Nazi. This in itself is a remarkable fact; Elmer's boundless hatred is reserved for ex-Communists who aid the government in exposing and prosecuting the members of the Communist conspiracy. For ex-Nazis, he has a wholly different type and quality of reasoning.

Before his employment in OWI, Putlitz had an international reputation as a homosexual. He had been in the diplomatic service of the German Weimar Republic. After Hitler set up the Third Reich, Putlitz eventually landed in der Fuehrer's diplomatic service in the Hague. Under a threat of exposure of his flagrant homosexuality, the British "persuaded" him to "renounce"

Nazism. He then came to the United States, wrote what purported to be an anti-Nazi article for the February, 1942, issue of *Harper's* magazine, and shortly thereafter joined Elmer's staff of myth-casters.

After the war, Putlitz returned to Germany where he has become one of the most important agents of the East German Communist regime. He has boasted publicly that he induced the British diplomats, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, to go over to the Communists. But Putlitz' crowning achievement for his Communist bosses had to wait until 1954 when he engineered the defection of Dr. Otto John to the Communists. But don't look for any information of this kind in Elmer's born-free book.

One of the most important of all Congressional investigating committees in recent years was that headed by Representative Ray J. Madden, Democrat of Indiana, which exposed the story of the Katyn Forest Massacre. Elmer's born-free book is silent on the subject of the Madden Committee. Could this silence be due to the fact that the Madden Committee, composed of four Democrats and three Republicans, stated categorically that Elmer was "responsible" for disseminating one of the biggest Soviet lies of all time?

For the information of those readers who are not acquainted with the facts of the Katyn Forest Massacre, I should say that Soviet troops murdered some 15,000 Polish army offi-

cers and civilian leaders in and near the Katyn Forest. When this greatest mass murder of modern history was discovered, the Soviet government charged that it was the bestial act of the Nazis.

On May 3, 1943, Elmer personally, as director of the Office of Weird Information, made a nationwide radio broadcast in which he promulgated the Soviet lie about the Katyn Forest Massacre. In his testimony before the Madden Committee, Elmer declared that his broadcast of the Soviet myth was a statement made "with the evidence then available." The Madden Committee proved otherwise.

On April 22, 1943, eleven days before Elmer's broadcast, the Department of State sent Elmer's OWI a warning against accepting the Soviet version of the Katyn Forest Massacre. How about it, Elmer?

SOME YEARS ago, believe it or not, Elmer proposed the compilation of a "New Bible." He even wrote a learned article on the subject for *Harper's* magazine, always an appropriate medium for Elmer's sayings. Apparently, he thought so well of the article that he included it in a collection of his essays which he published shortly after the start of World War II. This may have been one of the reasons why the editor of the *New Yorker* magazine, a short time later, sponsored Elmer as director of the Office of Weird Information.

Elmer, who is quite a myth-caster, had numerous objections to what he described as the "Old Bible," including ironically an objection to its alleged myths. It offended his scientific, historical, and ethical tastes. For one thing, he argued, the world was waiting for "something more useful to our time than the Mosaic cosmogony or the prophetic interpretation of history." He distinctly preferred the Elmerian historiography to that of the eighth century Prophets.

Elmer ascended his little pile of dirt and, mistaking it for Mount Olympus, put on his ever-ready robe of omniscience, and issued the dictum that the chief thing "the matter with the Old Bible . . . is that nobody reads it." He offered no proof for this sweeping assertion; but, in the Elmerian code of myth-casting, proof is not required for his pronouncements. For years, the American Broadcasting Co. has disseminated Elmer's say-so, without proof, on a wide variety of subjects.

Having declared that "nobody" reads the Old Bible, Elmer went on to say that "the clergy read it, of course . . ." This was nothing more than a sample of Elmer's customary looseness of language. He didn't really mean to imply that the clergy are "nobody." Or did he?

As another after-thought, he admitted that "some people," other than the clergy, "read [the Bible] for its literary or historical or psychological value, as they might read

Lucretius or Thucydides." Of the millions of Americans who do read the "Old Bible" (paying no heed to Elmer's statement that they do not), one may doubt whether any number, sufficient to justify the comment, read it as they read Lucretius or Thucydides. (For reasons other than pious ornamentation, the "Old Bible" still out-sells *But We Were Born Free*.)

BUT DOCTOR ELMER (he is a Doctor of Letters, you know) established himself as both a belle-lettrist and a historian of parts by spelling correctly the names of the Roman poet and the Greek historian — even if he did show himself to be steeped in ignorance of the "Old Bible." All levity aside, Doctor Elmer was a Rhodes Scholar; and, come to think of it, that may account for a lot of things about him.

Doctor Elmer is, in fact, full of academic honors. Not long after the publication of his collected essays, including the one on the New Bible, Wabash College conferred upon him the degree of *Literarum Humaniorum Doctor*.

For one who lived so long in the shadows of academic towers (a bona fide intellectual, if you please), Elmer reveals a shocking lack of urbanity. If you think that his born-free book reeks with hysteria bordering on the obscene, you should read what he wrote some years ago about Jehovah (whose name Elmer renders as "Yahweh," in accordance with

the scholarly understanding of the correct pronunciation of the Tetragrammaton, YHWH). In his essay on the New Bible, Elmer characterizes the Old Testament words of Jehovah as "the braggart bluster of the primitive Yahweh" — just as though he were describing the speeches of Mussolini or Hitler.

For three centuries, the "ethical effect" of the "Old Bible," according to Elmer, "was perhaps more bad than good." That's what Elmer said; but to avoid any suspicion of lifting things out of context I quote the entire relevant passage: "The [Old Bible] that for three centuries was known to every English-speaking person who knew any book at all derived its authority from its content, of course, in the day when everybody was a Fundamentalist. Its ethical effect on a people who took the teachings of Jesus and the braggart bluster of the primitive Yahweh as equally inspired, and equally authoritative, was perhaps more bad than good . . ."

THE CENTRAL THEME of Elmer's current best-seller may be found in the following words taken almost verbatim from *But We Were Born Free*: "I regret that I have to mention [fill in the name of a well-known United States Senator]; I regret that he exists. But he does exist, and not to mention him would be as if people in a malarial country refused to mention the anopheles mosquito."

Inasmuch as we live in a country where both Elmer and the anopheles mosquito are indigenous, and since the mosquito has not yet instituted an effective system of thought-control or brought about the repeal of the First Amendment, mention of Elmer, too, is permissible.

The main reason that it is necessary to mention Elmer is that he, as well as anyone else, personifies the practice of broadcasting myths in guise of news. Elmer has established himself as an expert in this field, where competition is as keen as it is in selling low-calorie beer or non-cancerogenic cigarettes. He is, to steal his own figure of speech, one of the head anopheles mosquitoes in the malarial swamp of slanted news-casting.

Another reason why it is necessary to mention Elmer is that he has focused the spotlight of publicity upon himself, and has out-Elmered Elmer in his recent born-free book. If you think he was good at myth-casting on radio and in the OWI, you should invest \$2.75 to see how he has achieved perfection in the freer medium of the printed page.

For more than a half-year, the Elmer-was-born-free book has been near the top of the best-seller lists, which is, perhaps, quite a commentary on a segment of the book-buying public. For a better reason than the one which undoubtedly accounts for its success, the book should be and remain for a long time, not *near* but *at* the top of

the best-seller lists; it is a revealing self-portrait of a mid-twentieth century liberal.

In this most remarkable book, Elmer's natural splenetic disposition comes into its own when he is discussing a certain United States Senator who, he says, is a seeker of headlines. Why it is more reprehensible to seek headlines than it is to seek a top place on the best-seller lists, Elmer does not tell us. At any rate, Elmer has, by virtue of splashing his way to a high-royalty position among authors, focused public attention upon himself, his character, his record, and perhaps unintentionally upon the objects of his Oxford-cultivated vituperation.

Elmer's born-free book does its own effective bit by way of emphasizing the national prominence and importance of that Senator. While scolding newspapers for not ignoring this very same Senator, Elmer turns right around and, without apology or any apparent consciousness of his inconsistency, makes the Senator the central theme of his book. Does Elmer, the liberal, want a monopoly in the highly lucrative business of headlining this solon from somewhere northwest of Chicago?

LIKE ALL of his fellow liberals who are fearful of finding an anti-Communist or at least a Congressional investigator under every bed, Elmer lives in, and portrays for all who will heed his words, a mythical America.

In this America of his fiction, Elmer reports to his followers, "There is a dangerously large number of people — many but by no means all of them rich — who could be called Fascistoid."

These Fascistoids have "deeper motives than the mere joy of knocking people down and then kicking them." They are people "whose dominant surface emotion is hatred; but underlying that, besides an appalling ignorance, is fear."

Elmer guesses there may be somewhere in the neighborhood of 30,000,000 of these Fascistoids. Some of his friends, he says, think his guess is too low.

To recite all the objectives of the alleged Fascistoids would be to quote a large part of Elmer's born-free book. They are, it goes without saying (but Elmer says it anyhow), people who are trying "to strike down the freedom of the mind," people with whom "denunciation takes the place of evidence," people whose "orthodoxy chokes freedom of dissent." And if any of you Fascistoids want yourselves and your place in mythical America portrayed with genuine Elmerian originality, then know that you are "primitives; a sediment, a sludge, at the bottom of American society."

But all is not gloom in Elmer's mythical America. "You are not going to cure the genuine Fascists who spearhead these attacks [on the schools]," he says, "but they get their support largely from the peo-

ple who are ignorant and afraid [i.e., from the Fascistoids]; get rid of the ignorance and you get rid of a good deal of the fear . . . indeed it is possible to educate a Legion post, and it has been done." When Elmer talks about the possibility of educating an American Legion post, he means that it is possible for the Elmeroids to infiltrate it. But with respect to the national organization, as distinct from the local posts, of the American Legion and the other major veterans groups, Elmer is less hopeful; they have fallen "into the hands of reactionaries."

Borrowing a phrase from our National Anthem, Elmer charts the present whereabouts of his mythical America as drifting somewhere "Through the Perilous Night" (words which form the chapter heading of almost half of his born-free book). Drifting toward an eventual showdown, Elmer sees that there will be some 30,000,000 Fascistoids on the one side — the losing side, of course — of the final conflict. He doesn't coin a word for the other — and ultimately victorious — side; but I presume it will be composed, as Elmer envisions it, of some millions of Liberaloids spearheaded by the Americans for Democratic Action.

IF ANY querulous critic wonders how and where the Communists and the Communistoids (also a word of Elmerian coinage) fit into this coming conflict, he will learn from Elmer's reports on his mythical America

that "it was the Roosevelt recovery that killed the Communist danger." Absolutely no spoofing: that's what Elmer says. Elaborating on this "historical" observation, Elmer declares that "when the bright young people [of the 1930's] got jobs, most of them were cured [of Communism] . . ." and further that "the fellow traveler, by now, is a species almost extinct."

It doesn't bother Elmer that these Elmerian myths flatly contradict the reports of J. Edgar Hoover: Elmer has an "explanation" for that. Here, in Elmer's own words and in full, is the born-free book's "explanation": "I am not unmindful of the fact that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover tells us each year that Communism is a greater danger than it ever was before — which, if true, is a serious reflection on Mr. Hoover and his organization, whose business it is to root it out. But I am not too much alarmed; these statements are usually made before the Appropriations Committee, when he is asking for (and always getting) more money for his agency. I have had some experience in Government, and much observation of it, and I cannot recall that the head of any agency, appearing before the Appropriations Committee, ever underestimated the need for his services."

In other words, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover deliberately fakes the story of an ever-increasing Communist danger, says Elmer, for the sole purpose of getting from gullible

Congressmen more money for an insatiable bureaucracy. To clinch his point, Elmer observes in passing that he himself was once in the Government, and, by implication, that he, too, faked "the need for his services." Elmer is on the solid ground of fact, in this implied self-incrimination.

Elmer acknowledges the existence of the Communist Party, "tiny and dwindling as it is," and declares that it "serves one useful purpose in the minds of many of our public men; it provides them a cover for attacks on liberalism and progressive reforms . . ."

So much for Elmer's analysis of what his present publisher calls "current history."

At the very thought of an ex-Communist's exposing the machinations and personnel of the Communist conspiracy before a Congressional investigating committee, Elmer goes through a routine of self-torture which merits an extended study in abnormal psychology. Not only does he wring his liberal hands and beat his freedom-loving breast; he sticks lighted matches to his progressive feet in order to attain an appropriate frenzy for his denunciations.

WHAT bothers Elmer appears to be a gnawing guilt complex. Having demonstrated that he was a sucker for Soviet myths; having never until the very recent past

sensed the gravity of the international Communist menace; having moved for a quarter of a century in a circle of Communist agents, Communist sympathizers, fellow travelers, and Communist dupes; and having won honors by the kind of liberalism which is best described as anti-anti-Communism — Elmer seems to be the victim of a guilt complex and an infuriating frustration. In no sense of the word is he a Communist or a Communist sympathizer; hence the internal conflict. In such cases, an emotional outlet is necessary. Such an outlet could have been found in the religious experience of confession; but pride or some other attitude or combination of attitudes has kept Elmer from taking the path of confession. He has, instead, found an outlet for his frustration by unleashing an irrational anger toward all ex-Communists associated with the mythical monster of McCarthyism.

With that observation, I had intended to bring this essay to a close; but the morning's newspaper necessitates an addendum. A fellow myth-maker, Robert Maynard Hutchins, has just announced Elmer's appointment to the Fund for the Republic. Elmer has never tired of making depreciatory hints about this or that person's connection with Texas oil millions; and now he himself becomes involved with the Ford motor car millions — for shame!





ATTENTION!

COLLEGE SENIORS

By John D. Garwood

WOULD you like a job with vacations which only a highest paid executive might have, with the prestige ranking with that of any other job in the community, with a five-day week coupled with short working days? If this isn't enough, throw in a working surrounding which any one might envy, i.e., beautiful, ornate buildings surrounded by acres and acres of well-kept lawns and gardens. For your companions choose the finest young people you know. If you would like this kind of job, be a college professor. But with all this, remember you probably are not going to make a lot of money.

How do you go about "getting in" on a deal like this? The answer is easy. Get yourself a Ph.D. degree.

More and more, the doctor's degree is becoming a prerequisite for the teacher who expects to remain in the field of college teaching. Not too long ago the master's degree was regarded as a sign of advanced learn-

ing and intellectual integrity. That time is past. Even the small schools now seek the man with the Ph.D. trappings as the bearer of erudition for their ivy-covered buildings.

Here, then, is the latch string to the gate which opens into the world of colleges and universities. For the school year of 1951-1952 as given by the U. S. Office of Education, 6969 doctor's degrees were awarded to men, 714 to women. During this same interval, 43,537 master's degrees were granted to men, 19,934 to women; while bachelor's degrees numbered 227,029 for men, 104,895 for women.

This is the sticker, getting *that* degree. The number receiving the doctor's degree each year is relatively small compared to the other degrees given.

The recipe for the degree is something like this — take three to six years of your life, past the A.B. degree, and mix with a strong helping of pure drudgery, add all your waking moments, which includes weekends and holidays for several years, stir in occasional manifestations of undying friendship for your major

Dr. Garwood, the author, has his Ph.D. and writes from his own experience. At present he is a professor of economics at Fort Hays Kansas State College.

professors, sprinkle liberally with late hours and aspirin tablets, and lastly, at your leisure, master a reading knowledge of two foreign languages. This witches' brew contains learned tomes by the hundred pound weight and "papers" sufficient to fill a New England garret.

After your scholarship has been proved and approved in this manner, then you must do something daring. You must, through the medium of research, add something to the world's store of knowledge. In a word, you write a doctoral dissertation.

These are the ingredients for the higher degree. Few will contend that it is a small undertaking.

BUT wait, who are the purveyors of these credentials? They are several. Where should you go to school? Generally speaking, the best schools for projects of this nature are found in the Ivy League in the East, in the Big Ten in the Middle West, in fewer than a half dozen schools on the Coast, and ditto for the South.

If, on the other hand, you want the degree first and foremost without the strain of competing with the country's top intellectuals, go to schools other than these. It's up to you. Remember, what you want is a Ph.D. or a doctor's title. This is your meal ticket, this is your choice to make. You may lower your horizons a bit by this choice, but you can still walk erect a Ph.D., a *Ph.D.*!

Some never quite make the grade.

After a year or two along the way they encounter the grade obstacle. For the undergraduate, a "C" may be sufficient; for the master's candidate, "B's" punctuated occasionally with "A's" may suffice; for the Ph.D., that emblem of intellectual supremacy, it must be "A's." Thus, along the way the casualty rate picks up.

What manner of individual is it who enters this never-never land? From whence spring these intellectual giants? Dear reader, these men are not intellectual giants; they are ordinary mortals with average, or a little more than average, intelligence. (My wife will vouch for this.) Any student going through college without undue effort and who can achieve an average grade has within himself the potentialities of becoming a college professor. Within this group, of course, are found the very bright. The point is, it is not a necessary qualification.

In the college hierarchy the ranks generally run from instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, to full professor. To those who attain the higher ranks flows the power, honor, glory, and larger pay checks. How do you do it?

ONE sure fire way to attract attention is to write, brother, write. In the larger university this is the customary and approved method of attracting attention to your professorial virtues. This writing may take place in professional or trade journals, or mayhap a book. For the

man who has his name emblazoned in gold on a book or two, there is no limit to the academic reward which may follow. If possible, write a book. You may ride aboard its cloth covered back for many decades. Many have.

There is yet another way to the top. If you do not care to "apply the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair," be a "doer." Be the Chairman of the Red Cross in your neighborhood; be a member of Rotary; on the campus be a committee chairman or prominent worker in campus problems which have been given to groups for study, etc.

The "doer" must make a concerted effort in this respect. One way commonly used is this: at every general faculty meeting or group discussion, say something. No matter how trivial or of little note, let your voice be heard. In this manner you are made known to your colleagues and they in turn think of you as a man who is forthright and full of initiative.

If you are not a writer or a "doer" there is still hope. Study abroad. This stamps you with an indelible mark of culture. Or, if you can't get abroad, if possible establish some connection with the government or industry. This is indeed proof positive that you are marked with genius.

If none of these suggestions are acceptable, there is still seniority. This is not unmeaningful in many institutions.

Thus, for the great majority of academicians, life flows smoothly onward. Since the advent of the atomic age, the scientist on the college faculty has been hoisted to a position comparable to that of the early tribal medicine man. His position in life has been doubly enhanced by the mysteries of innovation he has fathered. The increase in governmental activity in this country has made the position of the social scientist increasingly secure. He is in demand in governmental circles to explain and assist in policy-making decisions, and business seeks his company to find out what government is up to.

The professor has arrived.

Lest the position of the professor be made to appear too smug, let this be said: Many look upon this life as one offering an opportunity for service. It is likely that the average one in the field feels that he is making a contribution to the public weal. He is shaping the thoughts and direction of the young of the country.

If you are an individual who longs to fight bulls in the arena at Seville, or, steely-eyed and thin-lipped, push your chips forward at Monte Carlo, you probably will not want to be a college professor. If, on the other hand, you are content with a moderate salary and a life with time for fishing in the lakes in Minnesota a month at a time, or vacationing the whole summer, be a college professor.



The Day of the Pope

Inside the Vatican

by

KEES VAN HOEK

AS ONE stands on that impressive square, the Piazza of St. Peter, the bold lines of an immense façade tower massively above the right-hand colonnade. Like unto a Commando bridge raised above the world, this wing of the great palace in which the Pope lives is an abode built not for a man nor for a family but for centuries. It is a palace built on historic foundations, for here once stood the Circus of Nero, where many of the earliest Christian martyrs were put to death.

From the windows of the Vatican Palace one can now look right on the Tiber, and on the spacious approach, so aptly named the "Road of Reconciliation," commemorating the 1929 Lateran Treaty by which Pope and King made their peace.

Somewhere deep below that very road — for Rome has been sacked many times in its eventful history — lies the dust of the populous quarter where one Simon called Peter lived when he came to Rome in the year 42 — the same Peter over whose grave now stands the great church.

Pius XII's personal apartments are on the third floor, overlooking the Piazza. There he has his bedroom and bathroom, private chapel, dining room, and study.

The Pope's bedroom is sparsely furnished, with just one rug on the tiled floor. The damask-covered bed, with brass knobs on old-fashioned head-pieces, is that of his predecessor. There are also a dresser and a desk and the only mirror (a small one at that) in his entire flat, and a picture of the Virgin on the wall.

There is a small gold Swiss alarm clock on the Pope's night table, but he is said to awaken invariably a few minutes before it is due to go off. The Pope draws his own bath, takes it cold in summer or winter, and then shaves himself with his electric razor, one he has been using for years. Contrary to popular legend, he does not "collect" such razors.

Many gifts reach him from all parts of the world, and since his partiality to electric razors is widely known, they are frequently sent to him. These he promptly passes on to



appreciative priests or missionaries.

In his earlier days the Pope was a keen horseman, an excellent swimmer, and an indefatigable walker. When elected to the seclusion of the Papacy, he had his rowing machine installed in his apartments, and every morning he does 15 minutes of gymnastic exercises. Shortly before seven o'clock he is dressed. Only then does his manservant make his first appearance, stocky, rosy-cheeked, greying Giovanni Stefanori, originally a commissionaire at the State Department, whom the Pope, then Cardinal Pacelli, took with him as valet on his journeys.

Stefanori serves his Mass, which begins punctually at 7:30. The Pope prays before the altar of his chapel, on which fresh flowers are placed every day, some 20 minutes, as preparation for his Mass, and another 20 minutes afterwards as thanksgiving.

Six German nuns, whom he never sees, look after the Pope's chapel and private apartments and cook his meals. They belong to the Swiss congregation of Menzingen, who run an establishment near Lake Constance. There, first as Nuncio, later as a Cardinal, he used to go for his annual summer vacation.

THE Papal flat has also a private guest-room. It has been used only once in modern times, when the previous Pope insisted that a simple Polish priest, who had come to visit him, should stay the night.

The Pope's breakfast of rolls and milky coffee awaits him at 8:20. He scans in his methodical manner the principal newspapers (always including the Italian Communist daily) and shortly before nine o'clock he descends by private elevator (he never uses the staircase) to the "Bibliotheca Privata" on the floor below.

There, at nine sharp, the first so-called "Tabular Audiences" begin, as scheduled for high Vatican officials and cardinals.

This library, a magnificent corner room with book-lined walls, which served his predecessor as study, is used by the present Pontiff only to receive reports and grant audiences.

Mussolini used to be envious of the Pope's library, and, when visitors admired his own enormous study at the Palazzo Venezia, liked to hear that it was even grander than what he called "that of the competition."

The Pope's big walnut desk stands near the door through which one is ushered, and he sits in a high-backed chair which has a gilt carved-wood frame upholstered in white satin, with a narrow round cushion at the small of his back.

Six red satin armchairs are arranged in a semicircle in front of the desk, on which stand a white marble statue of Christ and a crucifix. The desk is very tidy, since the Pope has a habit of stacking his papers in one neat pile in front of him, arranged in sequence of his callers.

I have often asked distinguished



visitors for their impression of such audiences. Statesmen and scientists praise his logical mind, which in discussion eliminates all digression from the point at issue.

One can infer interesting sidelights from audiences. Film-star Tyrone Power admitted afterwards to have felt nonplussed when he was charmingly asked what his profession was. Yehudi Menuhin, on the contrary, was elated over the insight with which the Pope had discussed violin-playing with him.

What I personally recollect most strongly from my own experiences are the searching questions which he asks. When as Secretary of State, he received me in his study in 1932, he bade me sit next to him on the big settee facing the window, and plied me with questions over the political situation in Berlin, whence I had just come.

HAVING received a few visitors in "private audiences" in his library, the Pope goes out into the adjoining chambers for "special audiences" (generally called "bacco di mano" or "of the hand kiss") with selected visitors. This suite of larger and smaller salons adjoining the library is panelled in silk and has gilt furniture on deep Aubusson carpets. On small tables set along the walls are priceless personal gifts of emperors and kings, presidents and other potentates.

From shortly after 12 until close to 2 follow the group or mass audi-

ences, so conducted that they must tax his physical strength severely. His predecessor used to come in, seat himself on his throne, and deliver a homily, but Pius XII, whenever it is possible, moves freely among the throngs.

Realizing what his appearance means to so many, of whom a large portion usually have come from so far, he finds it hard to put up a barrier. Once at such an audience an old peasant asked him to hear his confession. The Chamberlains on duty were aghast at his audacity, but the Pope, scrutinizing the old man's face, realized his simplicity, gently took him by the arm to a secluded corner, heard his confession with bowed head, and gave him absolution.

He loves children and in their company his ascetic face relaxes in the friendliest of keen smiles while he often puts his hand on a head or his arm around a shoulder.

His audiences over, the Pope returns to his private apartment before two o'clock for his principal meal of the day, which consists of soup, white meat or fish, always with a good portion of vegetables, and some fruit as dessert. He drinks one glass of wine and, after this meal, a strong cup of black coffee, but he has not smoked since he realized some years ago that smoking affected his throat.

The Pope always eats alone in his walnut-furnished private dining room. He seldom makes an excep-

tion to the traditional Vatican rule against table guests.

After dinner the Pope rests for exactly an hour. Then he goes down by lift to his car, which waits in the courtyard of San Damaso. In it he is driven to the Vatican gardens, since walking down the endless corridors and crossing the numerous courtyards would be a strain rather than a relaxation.

THE GARDENS are cleared of personnel and visitors for the Pope's daily constitutional. He does not see the guards, but they take good care not to let him out of their sight. Wearing a flat, red velvet hat with golden tassels and a woollen or silk white overcoat, or, in winter, a heavy red cloak, he always walks alone and invariably reads while walking.

He always stops to look at his favorite pool beneath the firs and the cypresses. Once he met an urchin there who had slipped through unseen. "However did you manage to get so dirty?" the Pope asked in gentle amazement.

Later he gleefully recounted to his secretary the boy's indignant rejoinder: "If you had been playing as hard as I had, Padre, and that in your white suit, you would have been even dirtier."

After an hour's walk he leaves the gardens by 5 p.m., says his rosary in his chapel and reads his breviary, a daily obligation which is as binding on the Supreme Pon-

tiff as it is on the simplest monk.

He then spends another two hours in his study, rarely receives callers then, and only occasionally telephones.

Nobody can call up his number — Vatican 101 — without his permission. He answers the ring with a clear "Aqui Pacelli."

At eight o'clock in the evening he has his supper, which, like all his meals, is a simple one. After evening prayers he dismisses his household and at 9 p.m. he retires to his study, where he prepares his speeches, and works on pastoral letters and encyclicals.

During the long years from October, 1939, to July, 1946, Pius XII left the Vatican only some six times to drive into Rome for an hour, and that total record includes his State visit to the King of Italy and his inspection of the bombed sites. And only since 1946 has he resumed his annual holiday at Castel Gandolfo.

No other Pope that one can remember has so completely captured the public imagination. Yet no other Pope has lived so reserved a life.

Pius X often had his family round him. He was of humble origin and one day a very old uncle of his, a shepherd, came to visit his nephew in the Vatican. The uncle looked around in awe and then remarked approvingly to his nephew, the Pope: "Giuseppe, now that you have such a grand job, see that you keep it."

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ It was discovered that the reason that a polling district in Vanderburgh County, Indiana, had remained unreported after an election was because the inspector of this polling place could neither read nor write.
- ✓ A South Norfolk, Virginia, judge threatened to throw the whole city council into the town's new jail if it doesn't buy him some office equipment he claims it promised him.
- ✓ Deciding that it would be politically enhancing to have a name like that, State Corporation Commissioner Ingram Bragg Pickett of Albuquerque, well-known for his seven-foot physique, filed a request in court that his name be changed to Ingram B. 7-Foot Pickett.
- ✓ The Internal Revenue Service accepted the explanation of a Rochester, New York, taxpayer who did not attach a withholding statement when filing his income tax return: "My 17-month-old son ate my W-2 form."
- ✓ A Corunna, Michigan, justice of the peace married a couple, then fined the man \$65 and gave him a three-day sentence for drunkenness.
- ✓ When a fire alarm interrupted the crowning of the queen at the annual Fireman's Ball at Central Valley, California, Fire Chief Earl Stevens made the command decision: He dispatched all his men to quell the blaze and stayed on himself to complete the coronation.
- ✓ An Atlanta convict who has a wife and ten children waiting for him at home refused to leave prison after serving seven years of a 7-to-10 year sentence. He insisted on and won the right to complete his full sentence.
- ✓ Fitchburg, Massachusetts, police have evolved this statement for citizens to make as a test to determine whether they're driving with too much to drink: "Electricity, Methodist Episcopal, around the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran."



CARILLONNEUR

by
Blanche
Gertrude Robbins

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS a bell ringer and the chimes of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, Canada, still thrill Walter Lye, veteran carillonneur. Mr. Lye, who belongs to a family of bell ringers, laughs at the idea of retirement, although 81 years of age.

The bells ring for Sunday services, weddings and special occasions, but best of all for Walter Lye is the midnight hour once a year when he rings out the old year and rings in the new.

For 87 years, the chimes of St. James Cathedral have been played by the Lye family. In 1867, two years after the bells were installed in

the downtown cathedral, Edward Lye, father of Walter Lye, became bell ringer. He trained all six of his sons to play the chimes, but Walter Lye is the only remaining bell ringer among the brothers. He, in turn, taught his sons, Norman and William, the art of bell ringing and occasionally they take their father's place at the console.

He remembers well the days when, as a lad in his 'teens, he was assigned to assist his older brothers. Grumbling, he would climb the steep flight of steps, not the least enthusiastic about learning to play the bells.

In the early years, playing the





chimes meant climbing a stairway of 150 steps to the bell tower. Some years ago, the electrifying of the bells reduced the climb to 50 stairs. Today, with the console on the main floor of the cathedral, Walter Lye says it is as simple as playing an organ or a piano.

THE STORY of St. James Cathedral's bells is often recounted by the carillonneur. The first set of bells ordered for the Cathedral were lost when the ship bringing them from England went down in the St. Lawrence River. The set of nine bells ordered to replace the lost bells was cast in Troy, New York. But there were hymns and other tunes

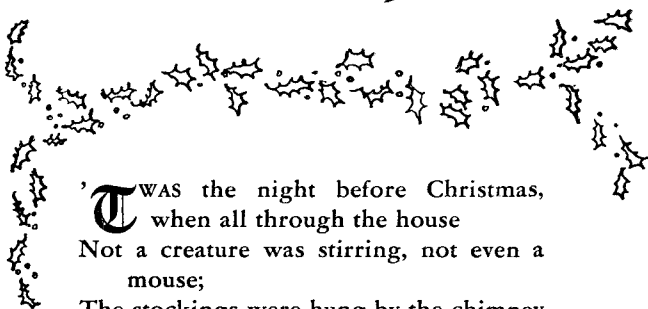
that could not be played harmoniously with nine bells. Friends of the cathedral subscribed for another bell and this tenth bell finally produced the harmony desired.

Music has been the theme of Walter Lye's entire life. As a boy, he sang in the choir of St. James Cathedral. Later he became an organ builder, learning the trade in the business that his father established in 1864. For many years he has been the head of the family firm.

Walter Lye speaks with pride of the organs he has built for churches and cathedrals, and of the thrill that comes in playing them, but he admits his biggest thrill will always be — playing the chimes at St. James.



A Visit from **Saint Nicholas**



'T WAS the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
there;

The children were nestled all snug in their
beds,

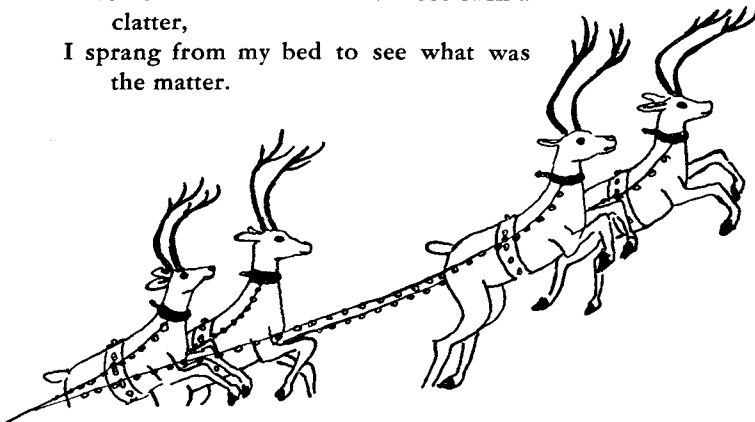
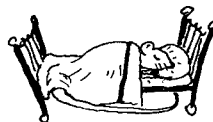
While visions of sugar-plums danced in
their heads;

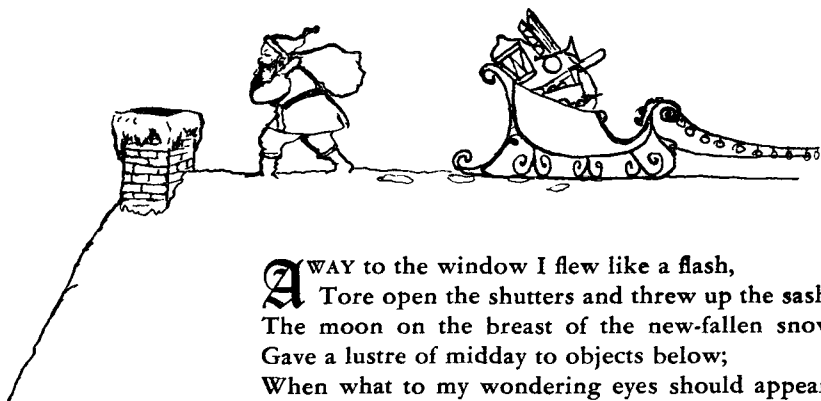
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my
cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long win-
ter's nap, —

When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was
the matter.

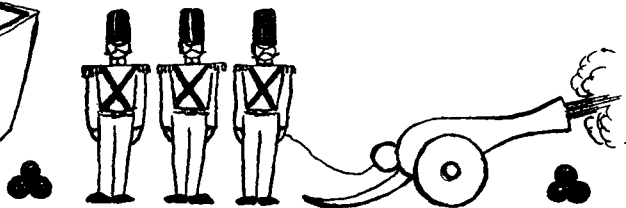
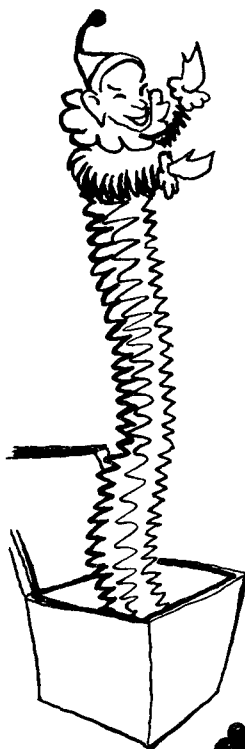




AWAY to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by
name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.



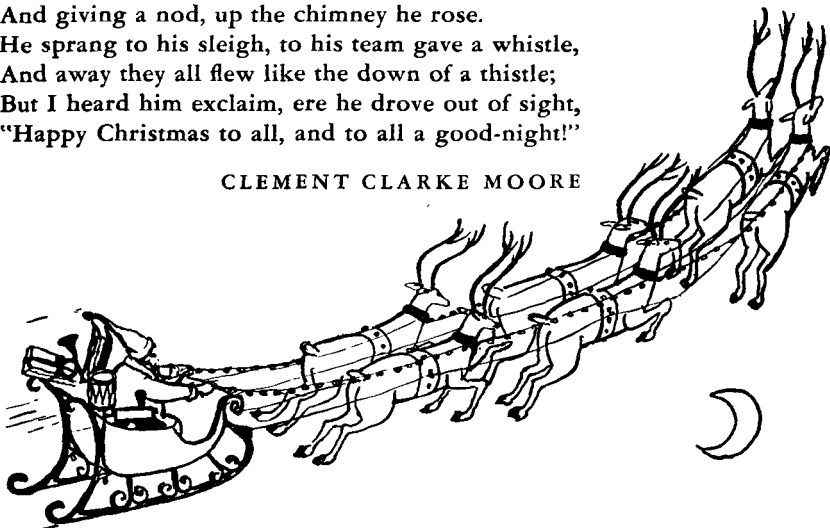
HE WAS dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE



TV: *a mixed blessing*

BY RUTH A. INGLIS



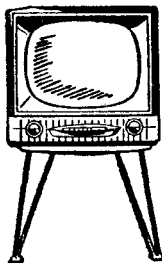
TELEVISION, a new gadget in the majority of American homes, arouses hot arguments among those who can take time from watching it to discuss it. There is no doubt that TV is here to stay, but with it have come some questions as yet unanswered. Are the programs good for family life? Is TV violence harmful to children? Can or should anything be done about irritating commercials?

The rapid growth of television during the past few years has made it an integral part of American life. An estimated two thirds of U.S. households now have a television set in working order. Last year many more TV sets than babies were added to American homes. The sale of sets is slackening but promises to spurt again as color sets become available at lower prices and in quantity. After many years of promising, color is here. Some 500 TV shows will be broadcast in color this season.

Approximately 400 TV stations are now on the air on the very high frequency band with about 150 more authorized. Including ultra-

high-frequency stations, General David Sarnoff predicts more than a thousand within a very few years. The Federal Communications Commission has provided for 1,875.

More than 250 cities in the United States have TV stations, most of them with access to network shows. A recent decision by the Federal Communications Commission to authorize the building of satellite or booster stations by licensees will bring TV to many areas now without it.



Children take to television like iron filings to a magnet, and therein lies a great source of controversy among parents, educators, and broadcasters. Senator Robert C. Hendrickson (R.-N.J.), chairman of a Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, said last summer that his committee had received "thousands and thousands" of letters from parents expressing their fear about the adverse influence of television on their children. Other parents take the attitude that television offers vast new opportunities for education. Of course, both views may be correct,

depending upon the parents' own supervision of children's listening.

A new device now on the market can be attached to television sets so that the sound can be cut off except for those listening with headphones. It is advertised as a relief to parents who need no longer be disturbed by the sound of the Westerns to which their children are listening. Parents who take no interest in the television diet of their children have only themselves to blame for their children's nightmares, failing eyesight, and poor grades in school.

THE AMOUNT of listening by children is quite surprising. Pre-school youngsters spend as much as five or six hours a day before the television screen. Many grammar school children devote more time to television than to school. As children grow older, their time spent before the TV screen decreases but still averages at least a couple of hours a day.

One study by the American Research Bureau showed that children influence their parents to spend more time looking at television. Families with pre-school children spend about 45 per cent more time with television than do families consisting of one or two adults only. Children seem to be the real bosses of the American home! A good part of this additional listening is during the day, although the average TV family of adults and pre-school

children watch about 3½ hours during an average evening (after 6 P.M. to sign-off).

Television influences family life in many ways. Although families spend more time together around the television set, conversation is discouraged except during commercials. An unheralded, but real, battle of wits is taking place between contestants who never see each other — TV viewers *vs.* advertisers. A year or so ago, the uneven water consumption in Toledo, Ohio, during the evening was found to correspond with television viewing: when the commercial comes on, the family disperses to the kitchen or bathroom.

Some advertisers, attempting to foil this maneuver, tried to schedule more frequent commercials. This, in turn, was countered by the use of a device for shutting off the television sound from one's easy chair when the advertising starts. When the picture shows that the commercial is over, the viewer can turn on the sound without getting up from his chair.

TV homes have new problems. Mothers report difficulty in getting their youngsters away from the set long enough to eat. For many, the solution is to serve meals in front of the television set. Age for age, children in television homes go to bed later than in homes without the magic screen. No figures are available as to whether or not they get up earlier in the morning, although

in the New York area, at least, telecasts begin before 7 A.M. (6:25 on Saturdays).

I don't know whether the recent move on the part of some educators to abandon homework has anything to do with the difficulties of finding time for it in TV-dominated homes. Some children do their homework while watching television — with what success we had best leave unsaid.

AS WITH movies and comic books, violence and crime are the source of most parental complaints against television. An analysis of all children's programs telecast in Los Angeles during the first week in May, 1954, showed that four times as many filmed programs based on crime and violence were being offered as in 1951. Most of the children's TV crime shows were Westerns, many of them old movie films. More than 40 per cent of the 60 hours of broadcast time devoted to children was rated as objectionable by the National Association for Better Radio and Television.

Its criteria for undesirable programs include "unnecessary morbid emphasis on cruelty and violence; glamorizing of crime, indecency, intolerance, greed, and cruelty; giving the details of crime; and the resolution of fictional problems by brute force or miraculous incident rather

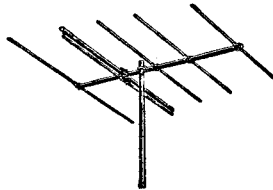
than by logical character development."

A recent systematic monitoring by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters of all the television programs broadcast in one week in New York City — nearly 663 hours altogether — revealed that, on the average, an act or threat of violence was shown on television every six minutes of broadcast time. This was a great increase over comparable figures in previous years.

The same study showed that the greatest frequency of acts and threats of violence occurred in drama for children. The kiddies were offered an average of more than 38 acts and threats per hour in the shows designed especially for them by the considerate television producers. Most of these occurred in what is called children's comedy drama. Western drama for children was second.

By violence is meant "physical or psychological injury, hurt or death, addressed to living things."

For whatever comfort it may be to parents, only about 9 per cent of the violence on children's programs was classified as "tension producing." By this was meant the presence of measured, ominous background music; shadowy, dark, "low-key" lighting; relatively clear depiction of terror or horror in the actions or expressions of characters; screaming, crying, moaning, or other



sound effects; or stealthiness of movement on the part of the agent threatening or enacting the violence. Well over half the violence on children's shows was classified as "humorous."

The effect of various kinds of violence and crime shows upon children of varying ages, experience, and temperament is up to the parents' imagination. A great many differing opinions can be found among child psychologists and other experts. The neatest non-sequitur so far advanced is that parents who object to TV violence are merely expressing their own feelings of guilt for the amount of actual violence which exists in the world. Some social scientists, presumably without tongue in cheek, oblige the broadcasters by propounding the theory that TV violence is good for children because it drains off their feelings of resentment against the cruel world which must tame their animal spirits.

IN TRUTH, we do not know the effects of television upon children or adults with any scientific precision. Impartial and competent research on this subject is long overdue.

Industry spokesmen, while agreeing that authoritative research is necessary, have not offered to finance it. In the meantime, they lay great stress on the fact that harmful effects on children's behavior or attitudes have not been proved. Telecasters speak differently about

the influence of the medium when talking with potential advertisers and when talking with protesting parents. If television is not influential, then a lot of big business money is being spent in vain — a proposition hardly acceptable to TV's advertising departments.

The answer of a large segment of the industry is the code adopted by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters and put into effect in March, 1952. Under the heading, "Responsibility Toward Children," the code states:

The education of children involves giving them a sense of the world at large. Crime, violence and sex are a part of the world they will be called upon to meet, and a certain amount of proper presentation of such is helpful in orienting the child to his social surroundings. However, violence and illicit sex shall not be presented in an attractive manner, nor to an extent such as will lead a child to believe that they play a greater part in life than they do. They should not be presented without indications of the resultant retribution and punishment.

Even though the above statement leaves considerable leeway for interpretation, the monitoring by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters and others leaves little doubt that the code is widely ignored.

The great volume of violence and crime on television programs for children cannot be defended as be-

ing "helpful in orienting the child to his social surroundings." We do live in violent times, and crime is on the increase, but the picture given by television (as well as by comic books and movies) bears no relation to real life.

The frequent exhortations of those responsible for administering the TV code is evidence enough that it is not being followed. As a matter of fact, only about 60 per cent of the television broadcasters subscribe to the code. Because of the anti-trust laws, the Association cannot enforce the code by using any economic sanctions, and conformity must be on a purely voluntary basis. The history of self-regulation in motion pictures and comic books proves that only organized pressure from public groups leads to the enforcement of such codes.

Incidentally, the publishers of comic books recently established a national association to help eliminate terror-horror books as a result of recent attacks on them. After a long period of relatively successful self-regulation, the movies during the past few months have broken out with a rash of pictures in which crooked policemen are widely portrayed. The complaints against crime shows on television stem in part from the fact that similar drama is readily available to children in movies and comic books. How much violence can children take?

DESPITE the prevalence of unsuitable programs on television, many parents feel that TV offers their children new vistas of information and culture. Program selectivity and supervised viewing is the answer. There are many popular and entertaining programs of educational value on the air, if parents will take the trouble to find them. Telecasters are to be commended for such shows, especially designed for children, as *Howdy Doody*; *Ding Dong School*; the *Pinky Lee* show; *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*; *Mr. Wizard*; the circus and zoo programs; and *Winky Dink and You*. *Winky Dink* encourages the kids to draw with crayons on a plastic shield over the television screen.

Even with supervision, however, parents often are unaware of what their children manage to see on television. Walking in the park one day with her six-year-old daughter, one mother was surprised at her daughter's reaction to an old newspaper under a park bench. In a calm, matter-of-fact voice the child said, "That is where the body is." Only peering under the paper would convince the child that a dead body was not there. She said she had seen a dead body under a newspaper on television.

We may not know all the effects of television on children until our first thoroughly exposed TV generation grows up.



Sunset in Marrakech

BY ERIC C. GIFFORD

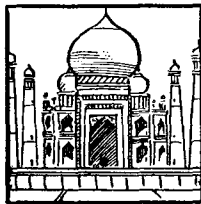
MARRAKECH is the most African city north of the High Atlas. Its miles of apricot-colored walls, which in the sunset flush to a deep pink, enclose not only the huddled, flat-roofed houses, the mosques and the palaces, but also acre upon acre of gardens and wastelands. Further walls separate the different quarters of the town. The Kasbah or Citadel, where the Sultan's unfinished palace stares with its vacant-eyed windows across the vast ceremonial courtyards, is walled off from the Mellah, the Jewish quarter, called the Place of Salt, because to the Jews fell the task of salting the heads of executed criminals. The Mellah in its turn is separated from the quarters beyond it. Arched gateways, many of whose heavy, nail-studded doors are still closed at night, give access from one quarter to another.

Each quarter has its mosques, but reigning over them all is the Koutoubia or Library Mosque. Rising proudly above the buildings and palm trees, its soaring twelfth century minaret pierces the sky. The Koutoubia and the Djemaa el Fna, or Place of the Departed,

so called because there the heads salted in the Mellah used to be exposed on spikes, are Marrakech. Seen from the Djebilet, the mountains which fringe the north of the oasis, the minaret dominates the town, of which it is the outstanding landmark. It dwarfs the buildings around it and even the mosque itself.

Separated from it by the fine old Arab palace with its high-walled, formal garden which houses the French general in charge of the Region, and by a tiny triangle of public park, lies the Djemaa el Fna. This is the center of Marrakech life. An open space of uneven shape several acres in extent, it is said never to be empty. This is probably true. I have been in it myself at all times of the day and night, and even in the small hours of a winter's morning there has always been someone, a woman selling bowls of hot, highly peppered bean soup, an early workman, or a late reveller.

Here stand the booths, crudely made of posts and straw matting, which house the fruit and vegetable sellers, the women



with their piles of hot round loaves, and the open-air restaurants where spicy soups, fried fish, stuffed green peppers, brochettes and stews of various sorts are cooking over open charcoal fires and sending up their pungent, appetizing odors.

These booths which look as if a strong wind would blow them away, as indeed it sometimes does when the hot, dust-laden *shergui* blows in from the desert, fill what might be described as the inner side of the Place as opposed to the outer side, along which runs the motor road from which it is separated merely by a deep gutter. On this outer side, and backing the stalls of the food merchants, are others which sell such diverse objects as laundry soap; perfumes (of which orange flower water and jasmine are the most popular — but beware of being sprinkled with jasmine, even dry cleaning will not remove its smell); patent medicines; and holy or historical pictures — the Kaaba at Mecca, Hassan and Hussein, the Fall of Damascus. The whole scene is enlivened occasionally by an advertisement for Coca Cola or Palmolive Soap.

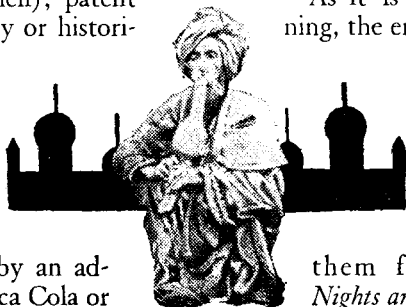
On the ground, with their merchandise spread in front of them, sit other less opulent dealers: an old man with a collection of broken tools, locks without keys, rusty nails,

screws and china door knobs; another with a selection from the Moorish pharmacopoeia — herbs and powders of various colors, a dried hedgehog, the dusty wing feathers of an eagle, a little heap of copper sulphate and two live white doves.

IN THE SHADE of one of the booths a dentist is plying his trade. He has just extracted a decayed molar and is holding it up for the admiration of the crowd which has gathered to admire his skill, while the patient sits groaning and holding his swollen face. Three water-sellers in wide-brimmed straw hats hung with colored wooden baubles, with leather aprons decorated with what look like horse brasses, are being photographed by a tourist. They are standard tourist material and know it; their price for a photo is a day's wage for a local laborer.

As it is getting on to evening, the entertainers are there in force. The venerable old man in the white turban is telling stories which were old when Richard Burton collected them for his *Thousand Nights and a Night*. His audience forms a spellbound ring,

the inner rows squatting in the dirt, silent except for an occasional outburst of obviously ribald laughter. The snake charmer's assistant is tightening a drum by heating it



over a handful of burning straw, while his master negligently arranges a placid-looking cobra which is visibly bored by the whole procedure. He has taken it from its basket and, seeing a group of tourists, holds it in front of his face so that the forked tongue licks languidly at his forehead.

Further along, two funny men are hitting one another with sticks, to the roars of laughter of the crowd, while a depressed-looking, bare-rumped monkey tries out a few tricks in a corner for the benefit of two foreign ladies who would obviously much rather not look.

Now the Chleuh dancing boys have arrived with their master. Round-faced and putty-skinned, their eyes darkened with antimony, they are busy arranging wool turbans on their shaven heads. They shuffle their feet in the dust and one of them plucks at the strings of his *gimbri* as they wait for a crowd.

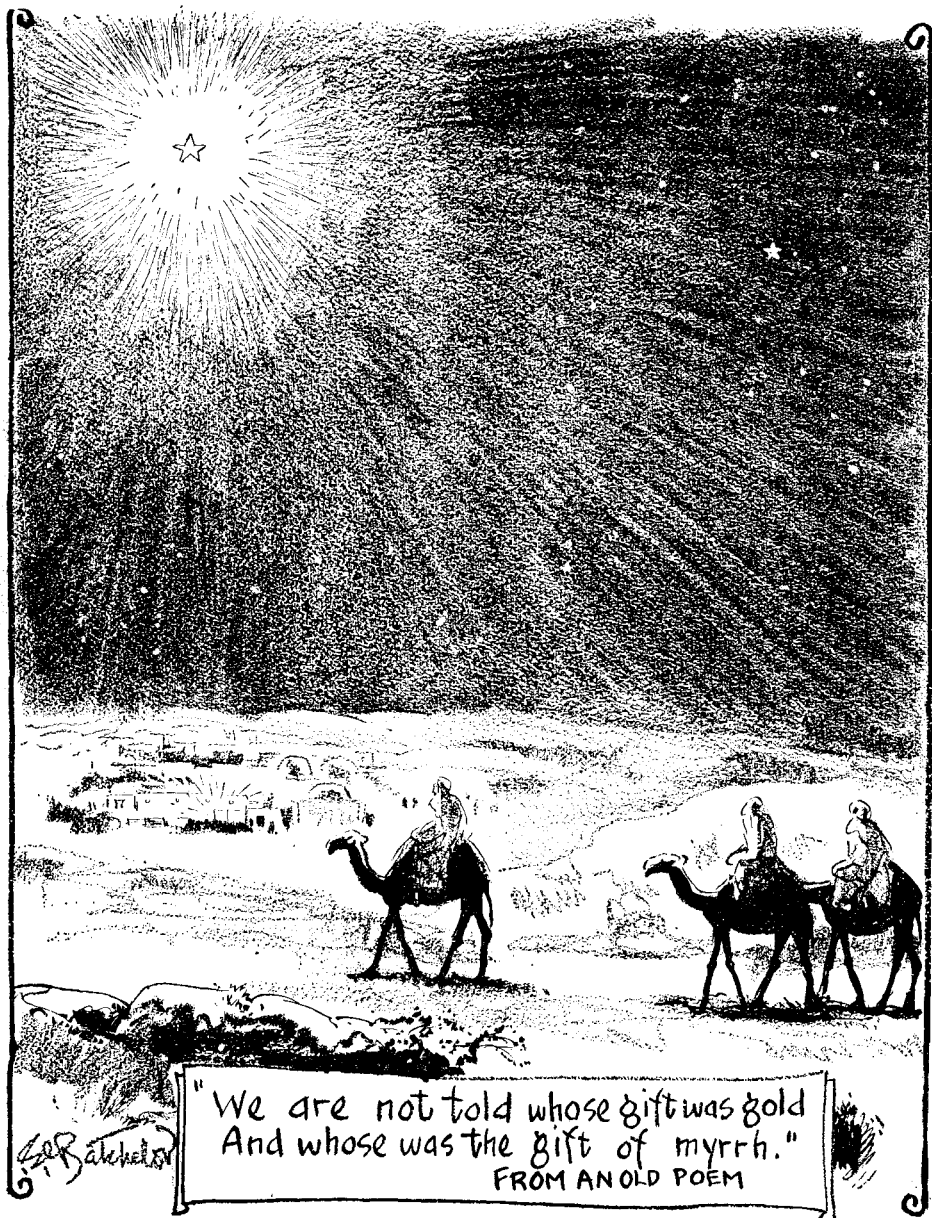
IN THE OLD DAYS there was hardly a *pasha* or a *kaid* who did not have his personal troupe of dancing boys for the entertainment of his guests. Now such private troupes are rare. In Marrakech there are only two troupes; the principal one with a house in the Kasbah. They may be hired out for an evening's entertainment or the tourist may go to the house itself, where he can see a more equivocal performance than that given in the Djemaa el Fna.

"*Venez voir les danseurs nus,*" cry the touts when all other lures fail. But business is bad these days and the performance in the open brings in a few francs and provides a certain amount of publicity. A crowd has gathered around them now and they start off at a rapid double shuffle, stamping their bare feet and jiggling up and down to the tinkling of iron clappers and the plucking of strings, while one of them bursts into tripping, atonal song.

The sun is setting. In the fading light, colors have become deeper and richer. Here and there among the booths, lanterns and carbide flares have been lit and pinpoint the dusk. The cafés are filling with customers, for it is the hour of *l'aperitif*. Lights appear, too, on the minarets of the mosques. From the Koutoubia, the voice of the *muezzin* throbs across the sky and is taken up from the other minarets. There is a momentary hush. "God is Great. There is no God but God." Dusk falls quietly over the city.



C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



In the MERCURY's Opinion **By RUSSELL MAGUIRE**

OUR NATION has lost its way because you and I have failed to fulfill our sacred duties as trustees and custodians of a great Christian heritage. We have tolerated much crime and wrongdoing. We have ignored numerous acts of treason. We have let ourselves rot and fall apart on the basic eternal truths. Now is the time to remake ourselves spiritually, morally and physically.

Let us *listen* to God's plan for America. From this day forward let us sincerely work for meeting the deepest needs of our people. We need a better way of life.

Listening to ourselves has failed. We have become warped and ruled by sinister men. William Penn said: "Men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants!" Edmund Burke said: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men will do nothing." We have proved this point.

Let's clear the record of our betrayal at Yalta, Tehran and Geneva. Let us never again have to apologize to the Poles for hiding the facts on the Katyn Forest Massacre; to Korea for permitting ourselves to be part of their betrayal; to Chiang Kai-shek for putting a knife in his back; to those we have heartlessly forgotten in countries behind the godless Iron Curtain; from our own troops and citizens whom we neglected and still neglect in the dark

prisons of the Soviet and their "captive nations."

At the same time *let us clean house here at home*. We want no Fifth Amendment citizens. They are a disgrace to our country.

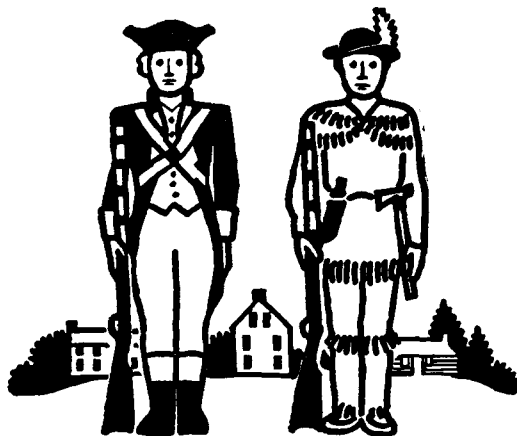
By this time surely we also know that the United Nations is a swamp and death-trap. Let's rid ourselves of this outfit and the spies they brought into our country to destroy us and our institutions.

Our many sinful compromises with godless Russia write the darkest pages in our nation's history. We should break off diplomatic relations with Russia and electrify with hope the people behind the Iron Curtain. The Russian gangsters won't have time to stir up international troubles — they will be too busy trying to put out the fires in their own country.

Our world is in the throes of a titanic struggle for the wills and hearts of men. Let us stop being difficult and part of the problem. Let us become part of the cure. Who is right is not important. What is right is all important.

Let us try a renaissance directed by God who made us all and the world in which we live. Let's put beauty and integrity back into our nation and the world. It starts with you and with me.

God tells us: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."



An Unknown Soldier of the REVOLUTION

By JACK VOELPEL

IN A SILENT, sunny place in an old burial ground called God's Acre lies the Unknown Soldier of the Revolutionary War. His sleep is undisturbed, for prying eyes and plodding feet seldom make their way to his monument. There are some who find his resting place and pay him homage, but the people who visit his tomb are fewer in number than those who visit the tomb of his younger compatriot, the Unknown Soldier of World War I in National

Cemetery just outside of Washington.

The burial place of the Unknown Soldier of the Revolutionary War is in a silent cemetery behind the Old Presbyterian Meeting House in Alexandria, Virginia, about ten miles from Washington. The Meeting House, built in 1774 — the year that the First Continental Congress assembled — is a red-brick, vine-covered, steepled church in which George Washington worshipped many

times, along with many members of his Masonic lodge.

It was in this church, too, that the official memorial service was held upon the death of Washington in 1799, because the roads to Christ Church, also in Alexandria, were too muddy to travel. Upon receiving news of Washington's death, members of the Congregation of the Meeting House tolled the church bell — the only church bell then in Alexandria — continuously for three days until after the funeral at Mount Vernon. The same bell today calls people to worship at the Meeting House.

To the rear of the Meeting House is a walled enclosure called God's Acre and there, buried in the morning shadow of the church, lie the remains of a Revolutionary hero, Major John Carlyle. Beside him lie the bodies of six captains of the line in the war of the Revolution, other veterans of the Revolution, and members of the lodge of Masons over which Washington presided — Dr. James Craik and Colonel Dennis Ramsey. Two of Washington's pall bearers and the wife of another are buried there, as is the chaplain who preached the funeral sermon, and the captain of the last military organization which Washington reviewed.

There also lies the Unknown Soldier of the Revolutionary War and it is his burial that provides a dramatic episode of United States history.

In 1821, a short twenty-two years after Washington died, a group of workmen were digging an excavation for the rear wall of a Catholic chapel — now St. Mary's Church — and inadvertently crossed the surveying line. By accident, fate, or whatever it was, for some reason the workmen were guided to a little bit of Meeting House property and in the process of digging they uncovered an old ammunition box. Examination of the contents of the box disclosed the remains of a man and the remnants of a tattered Revolutionary uniform.



amination of the contents of the box disclosed the remains of a man and the remnants of a tattered Revolutionary uniform.

A new grave was prepared and the remains re-interred in God's Acre. A single-line entry in the burial records of the Meeting House on January 19, 1821, indicate "An Old Revolutionary Soldier from Kentucky."

There are no records that indicate how it was determined that the soldier was from Kentucky, but it is probable that there were insignia on the remnants of the uniform which might have identified his regiment or battalion. It is also speculated that since the city of Alexandria served as a hospitalization center during the Revolution, and since it was important that burials be conducted expeditiously, this unknown man from Kentucky died alone, away from home, and then was buried unceremoniously in an ammunition box — the only coffin available — in a small, un-

marked plot of land behind the Meeting House. One witness was William Gregory.

AS IN MANY CASES, the grave lost interest for members of the Congregation who had many more pressing matters to attend to. Years passed. Then one Sunday, while tarrying in the churchyard after the morning service, William Gregory, now an elder of the church, and his daughter Mary were studying the tombstones. It was then that the memories returned to Mr. Gregory and he related the story to Mary and pointed out to her the spot where the soldier from Kentucky was buried. Impulsively, Mary plucked a branch of honeysuckle from a nearby vine and placed it on the grave.

Mr. Gregory died in 1875, but by that time the practice of placing flowers on the grave had become such a habit that even events in Mary Gregory's life did not interfere with it. She married and raised a family. Finally, in 1926, when she was assisting in the restoration of the Old Meeting House, she called attention to the spot where the unknown soldier lies and suggested that a memorial tablet be placed at the foot of the grave.

Members of the Alexandria Post of the American Legion immediately prepared a temporary marker, which Mary — now Mrs. Mary Gregory Powell — dedicated. As a result of publicity about the grave, the National Society of the Chil-

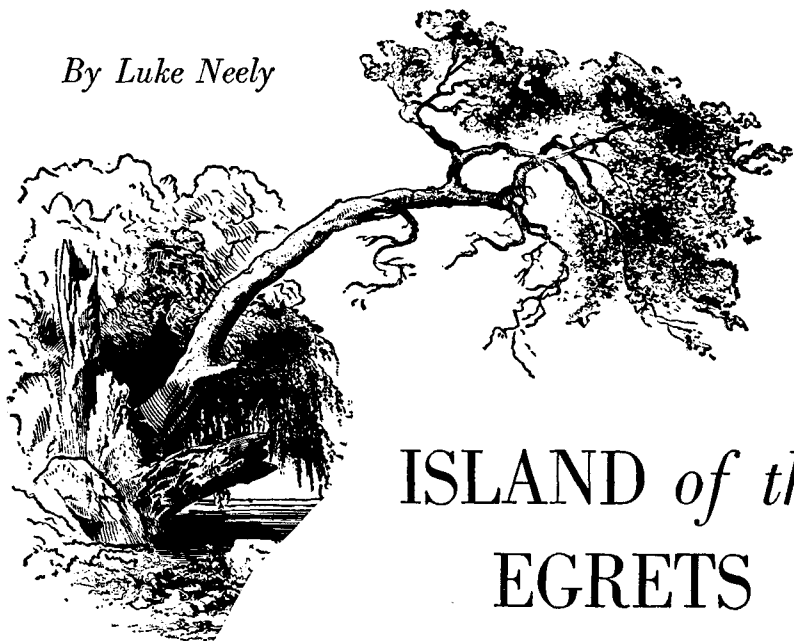
dren of the American Revolution asked to be allowed the honor of supplying the monument. Finally, on April 19, 1929, bearing an inscription by William Tyler Page, the monument to the Unknown Soldier of the Revolutionary War was unveiled. Mrs. Mary Gregory Powell stood proudly beside the familiar grave and listened as the Secretary of War, James C. Good, gave the principal address.

"We know not this soldier hero's racial origin, his religious creed, his family relations, or the extent of his accomplishments. Was he of the rank or of the file? Was he a youth with a bright and promising world before him? Or had he reached maturity with parental duties and family ties? We do not know. An inscrutable past holds the answer . . ."

Overhead, the April sun shone brightly as the Secretary spoke, and the words of the epitaph stared up at the cloudless sky.

Here lies a soldier of the Revolution whose identity is known but to God. His was an idealism that recognized a Supreme Being, that planted religious liberty on our shores, that overthrew despotism, that established a people's government, that wrote a Constitution, setting metes and bounds of delegated authority, that fixed a standard of value upon men above gold and lifted high the torch of civil liberty along the pathway of mankind. In ourselves, his soul exists as part of ours, his memory's mansion.

By Luke Neely



ISLAND *of the* EGRETS

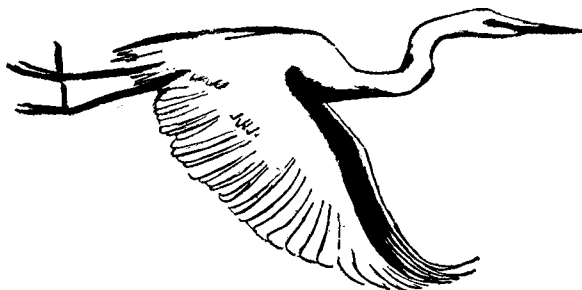
ONE DAY last January some friends and I drove to West Bay in the Everglades National Park and became passengers on one of the most interesting boat rides available anywhere — a cruise to Cuthbert Rookery, a mangrove island where the snow-white egret, considered by many people the most beautiful of water birds, breeds each winter.

We boarded an open, spun-glass boat. The shallow waters of the salt lake we were to navigate were strewn with large and disorderly squadrons of coots, and as we pushed away from the dock, the nearest assembly of coots took off with a great thrashing of wings and water.

We skimmed along at a good clip, cutting directly across a wide open expanse of water toward an opening in the mangroves. We entered a narrow, winding passage beneath thick arches of growth.

Near the end of the tunnel the mangroves thinned out a bit and revealed on one side a small island of earth. Here, the guide told us, had been located the camp of a group of the plume-hunters who, in the 1890's when the egret plume was in great demand for women's hats, almost succeeded in eliminating the bird entirely.

We were in the open again, and heading once more toward a far-off,



all egrets. The birds were at work on their nests, and thus the heavy shuttling to and from the shore where the materials were in greater supply. Every branch that could support one had a nest.

low, green wall of mangroves. But this one, we soon perceived, was different. What we noticed at first seemed to be white confetti littered over a vast hedge. But as we bore down on this curious sight, it came alive and some of the pieces were seen moving, and we realized with a thrill that the pieces of confetti were actually birds — thousands of them.

CLOSING in, we saw that there were really two concentrations — one covering a small island of mangroves and another, much smaller, situated on the mainland opposite, across two hundred yards of water. There was a steady traffic of white wings between island and shore.

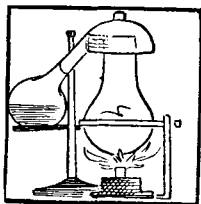
With our motors cut, we drifted and gazed at the tremendous sight of these great, handsome birds roosting, taking off, landing, flying, and wading in the shallows probing for food, to the accompaniment of a chorus of squawks and croaks and the sound of agitated wings.

Except for a small scattering of wood ibis and one or two water turkeys, the island's population was

The birds were delightful to watch as they soared gracefully in over the island, extended their legs, dipped, hovered, and then collapsed their wings in a sudden ludicrous drop to the nest. It had better be the right nest, too, because family territories were carefully defined. Every so often there would be a wild, raucous squabble as an arrival with a beakful of twigs made an off-center landing and intruded on a neighbor's domain.

The long, delicate plumes, or aigrettes, once so coveted by the ladies, appear during the nesting and mating season, adding to the beauty of an already striking creature. We could see them floating up from the backs of the egrets as we sat fascinated, shooting with our cameras the lovely bird, now secure, which not many years before had been falling by the thousands before the shotguns of the millinery industry.





Miracle Drug's Centennial

BY R. J. ROTONDI

THE YEAR 1854 was memorable for many events. It was the year the Republican Party was formed; it was the year Alfred Lord Tennyson wrote his famous "Charge of the Light Brigade"—and it was the year an Alsatian chemist discovered aspirin.

This year the aspirin, which many doctors throughout the world have acclaimed as the "miracle drug supreme," is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary. However, the world has only been acquainted with aspirin for the past fifty years.

Charles Gerhardt, the scientist who produced what is now known as aspirin, did not fully understand its properties. Finding no application for it, he put it on his laboratory shelf, where it remained for many years.

A half century later, in 1899, the chief chemist for the Bayer Company, Arthur Eichengrun, recalled Gerhardt's discovery when he was

asked to recommend a drug to ease the pain of a man suffering from arthritis. He subjected the white powder to all kinds of tests, tried it on himself to determine its safety, and then prescribed it for the patient. It produced the pain relief which the sufferer was seeking.

Additional tests were made and aspirin was found to be an extraordinary pain-reliever and fever-reducer. Soon after, it was introduced to the medical profession in powder form and was dispensed on prescription until 1915. Because of its long record of safe and effective use, aspirin was then manufactured in tablet form and made available to the public without prescription.

Today aspirin is one of the most widely used drugs, and one of the safest, known to mankind. Americans consume as many as 24 million aspirins every 24 hours. There is no accurate figure for world-wide con-

sumption of aspirin, but it is safe to assume a good many times this figure is consumed in all the countries of the world, civilized and uncivilized. Aspirin is now used effectively in paste and liquid, as well as in tablet and powder forms.

Doctors have called aspirin the "most useful drug ever found." Yet despite its world-wide eminence in medicine, aspirin does not have the healing properties of such laboratory marvels as the sulfa and antibiotic drugs. In fact, the medical profession has no firm proof that aspirin will cure any disease.

But be that as it may, aspirin does provide merciful release for innumerable pains and aches accompanying hundreds of different conditions. Its record in this respect is unmatched by any other drug, and is the basis for claiming it to be the "king of drugs."

Aspirin is perhaps the most popular remedy today for the most common of all human maladies, the headache, and probably for the many types of muscular pains, too. It is used as a gargle for sore throats; to dull or kill the pains following dental extractions; and to ease pain from rheumatism, twisted backs, and other muscular ills.

In addition, clinical reports cite its use by physicians for the more serious ailments. These include rheumatoid-arthritis, possibly this country's number one crippling disease, the influenza-type infections, malaria, pleurisy, pneumonia, scarlet

fever, tuberculosis and cancer.

Strangely, doctors are unable to explain how aspirin works. Nobody knows, for instance, why it reduces temperature in a feverish person, but has no effect on the normal temperature of a headache sufferer.

ITS RECORD of safety, however, is no mystery. It is the least dangerous pain-killer in use today, and is so non-toxic that it may be taken without medical supervision, doctors agree. What is more amazing, they say, is that there are so few harmful reactions from among the millions of people who take aspirin daily.

Although a staple in every American's medicine cabinet, it is not difficult to understand that aspirin, which costs less than a penny per tablet here, can be worth more than gold to people less endowed with medical facilities than we are.

Medical care, as we know it, does not exist for most of the world's population. In large areas on the globe, doctors, hospitals and drugs are few, and even simple ailments, untreated, are often fatal. Of necessity, a medicine as effective as aspirin may literally be more prized than a sack filled with pearls.

It is a "wonder drug" in more than one sense, because many researchers are pondering just how far the beneficial effects of this strange medicine — discovered one hundred years ago — may lead them in the eternal fight against pain.

We Have a Law Against **Russian Imports**

By RODNEY GILBERT

IT IS NOT in the least likely that any uranium from Eastern Germany is going to be offered for sale in this country; but, if it were, neither the Government nor the individual citizen could legally import it. Uranium is dangerous stuff to play with, of course; but that would not be the reason why a Customs man who knows all of our obscure and seldom-cited tariff laws would be bound to send the stuff back across the Atlantic as tainted goods. For the same little-known reason, our Customs man would be bound to hold up an ounce of that Soviet Russian gold that has been lately dumped in London or a stick of Russian timber — and ask a lot of questions about it which the importer would find it next to impossible to answer.

Your Customs inspector would be entitled, under the law, to demand to know who mined that ounce of gold, or panned it out of Siberian gravel, or who cut that stick of timber, and under what conditions of

employment that gold was panned or that piece of lumber was cut and transported. Indeed, a Customs man who knew the tariff laws and who had been reading a lot about the enslavement of peasants and industrial workers on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain might rightfully get so fussily inquisitive about any piece of merchandise or any agricultural product from any part of the Red Empire that the carrier of same would be happy to have a permit to tie a stone to it and drop it over the side of a Staten Island ferry.

For example: The Russians once did, and maybe still do, very nice tanning. A tourist might have a chance to buy a beautifully soft calf skin, with the idea of having a couple of sofa pillows made of it. When making his purchase, he wouldn't know and wouldn't dream that he would be expected to know the conditions of employment of the men and women who presided over the birth of that calf, the feeding of that calf, the slaughtering of that calf,



the skinning of that calf and the tanning of the hide. He should nevertheless be prepared to prove that each and all such persons operated on that calf at various times and points of their own free will and were under no threat of punishment for failure to do whatever job each did, or any sort of coercion.

If the reader doubts that we have a Federal law that empowers a Customs man to be just that fussy, it can be found in the Tariff Act of 1930 (as amended July 1, 1952), Section II, Title III ("Special Provisions"), Part I ("Miscellaneous"), Section 307 ("Convict-made Goods — Importation Prohibited"):

All goods, wares and articles and merchandise mined, produced or manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor or/and forced labor . . . shall not be entitled to entry . . .

"Forced labor" as herein used shall mean all work or service which is exacted from any person under the menace of any penalty for its non-performance and for which the worker does not offer himself voluntarily.

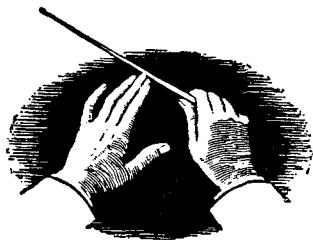
TO GO BACK to the beginning of this: Everyone knows that uranium is being mined in Soviet Germany by political prisoners. Some of Soviet Russia's gold output, probably most of it, is credited to slave labor camps. If you somehow have an ounce of that Soviet gold lately dumped in London, are you prepared to prove that it is the product of freely volunteered labor?

If you had enough of it, and if it suited the Soviet Union's political purposes to have you get it into this country, you could probably get a certificate from a Russian trade agency, solemnly alleging that every gram of such and such gold was washed out of the sands of the Moskva River, under the walls of the Kremlin, by stalwart, independent, private enterprisers. And who would prove that it wasn't so?

Actually, if some organizations like the American Federation of Labor or the C.I.O. were to develop a lively interest in the enforcement of this Act, almost nothing could be imported from any Communist country, directly or indirectly, if the burden of proving the innocence of the goods fell upon the importer.

Furthermore, if Soviet Russia were selling wool to a Scandinavian country, let's say, and if woollen blankets were exported from that country to the United States, who could say that that wool did not come from some *agrogorod* in Soviet Central Asia manned wholly by political prisoners?

But finally, when inquiries into the origin of things coming through the Iron Curtain would not be impossible, they would be pointless anyway; for in all the vast Red realm there is no such thing as freely volunteered work at the job of one's choice. So there is no such thing as "clean" Soviet goods in the sense of this Act.



SOUND ON DISC

GREAT ART finds its logic in the sense of form. And this sense, so lacking in contemporary music, derives from what I called back in 1938 "an intuition of completeness." This old phrase came back to me when I was listening to a new batch of records. Included therein were two Mozart concertos, among other works, and a collection of modern American music. Mozart had this intuition. The Americans, Diamond and Copland and Persichetti, do not.

It is easy to say that Mozart had genius, whereas these contemporaries merely have talent. But that is not enough of an explanation. There is something about their compositions that leave you unsatisfied. In the Contemporary American Music album (M-G-M E3117), for example, Persichetti's *Hollow Men* — for trumpet and string orchestra — is full of lovely and somber tonalities which are richly thematic, all excellently conceived as modern music goes, and excellently performed by Izler Solomon and the M-G-M

String Orchestra, but getting nowhere.

The Mozart concertos for piano — *No. 24 in C Minor* and *No. 26 in D Major* — no more formal than the rigorous formalisms of modern music, are endless in their appeal and illustrative of the completeness I have mentioned. The C Minor concerto is magnificent music, both outgoing and introspective. The D Major, usually known as the "Coronation," is cut closer to the pattern with its minuet-like Larghetto. Both are played with careful intensity by Robert Casadesus, with George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Columbia ML 4901). The sweep of Artur Schnabel and the brilliance of Edwin Fischer are not quite there in the Casadesus performance, but I am not one to carp over this — and I do rejoice over the high fidelity recording which so faithfully reproduces the tone and resonance of the piano.

This reviewer has commented before on the sustained beauty of

Pablo Casals' playing and the inspiration which marks his interpretations of Bach. Not long ago, Virgil Thomson elaborated on the careful artistry which goes into the Casals performance. All this can be heard in two new Columbia recordings from the company's seemingly inexhaustible supply of Prades Festival tapes. The Beethoven *Sonatas No. 1 in F Major* and *No. 5 in D Major* (ML 4876) and *No. 3 in A Major* and *No. 4 in C Major* (ML 4878), for cello and piano, are the vehicles. Casals works in tandem with another superb musician, the pianist Rudolf Serkin. These two recordings will rank among the year's best. They fill, moreover, a great void in the current LP catalogue. No. 1 is more a piano sonata, with an occasional zoom from the cello — and Serkin makes the most of it. But the others are a true marriage of the two instruments.

It may come as a surprise to some, but the fact is that *Carnival of the Animals*, by Saint-Saens — a "grand zoological fantasy" — is not necessarily the somewhat over-blown composition for full orchestra to which children are usually dragged. The original version, hitherto unrecorded, was for two pianists and small chamber ensemble. And as such, it has a whimsy and sensitivity lacking in the larger form. Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, the duo-pianists, and a chamber group under Izler Solomon introduce it

to the LP audience on an M-G-M recording which also includes original versions for piano (four hands) of Debussy's *Petite Suite*, and Ravel's *Mother Goose* (M-G-M E3114). If this kind of music is your dish of tea, then by all means this is your record.

THE JAZZ and popular music fare has been very thin this season. But I call to your attention an album entitled *Cats vs. Chicks*, presumably a musical battle of the sexes arranged by that entrepreneur of the coy, Leonard Feather. Clark Terry's Septet (male) vies with Terry Pollard's Septet (female), and both groups run through *The Man I Love*, *Anything You Can Do*, *Cat Meets Chick*, and *Mamblues*. I don't see that this contest in any way heightens my pleasure over pleasant but unspectacular solos. But Feather is a great one for the gimmick. The record number is M-G-M E325, but there's a raft of better stuff on the same label.

I am somewhat irritated by this device to stir up "interest." It can lead to all kinds of dire results — as for example, a battle of music in which Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia war with Leonard Bernstein and the Boston over the *1812 Overture*. Performance is performance and contest is contest. One belongs in the concert hall, the other in Madison Square Garden.

R. DE T.



PAGLIACCI

of the DESERT

By NELL WOMACK EVANS

YOU'VE seen him, my avian Pagliaccio, always alone, perhaps racing your car across the desert or maybe competing with you on a sunset horseback ride. To you he was a road runner or a chaparral cock, a little hard to believe at first sight and quite possibly all but forgotten now. But to those who live in barren country, the road runner is a delightfully comical fellow leading his laugh-clown-laugh existence for us, while shunning wife, family or friend of his own kind.

This clowning bird, large, standing high on sturdy legs, swinging his great tail one way, raising his rough, crested head to peer another, obeys no call save his own, and that

may differ from day to day as he wills. I've seen him giving wind-blown scraps of paper a merry chase, or making his two-toes-forward, two-toes-backward tracks in the wake of a tumbleweed, and I've seen him sit quietly in his greasewood bush and ignore these beckoning amusements. He may jump up and down with a clucking-crowling sound, as if to say, "See my antics." And again he may jump high, feign an awkward fall, and lie there whining like a puppy. Or he may simply stand with long tail and black top-knot rising and falling with the precision of a baton. His eyes, set in a ring of bright feathers, are always alerted, and his short, rounded wings

through which a small line of white feathers curves, seem to be geared for steering his coiled-spring body to catch the grasshoppers and crickets, small snakes, mice or other rodents on which he feeds. Though accused by sportsmen of destroying quail eggs and thus reducing quail population, there is a notable lack of evidence to support the claim. It is known that small birds and even poisonous scorpions, centipedes and tarantulas make up part of the diet of the road runner, victims to the nagging-stabbing attacks of his deep-slit beak, a bit of bird by-play familiar to any patient desert dweller.

AND yet you need not be too patient to know my Pagliacci. Paradoxically, they show little fear of human folk — they delight to awaken them in the early morning, sometimes with a shrill whistle, sometimes a rather violent coo, as if they owned the premises. Again, dappled of feathers as they are, they blend so well with the desert shrubbery you may see only their tracks, or perhaps, if luck attends your nature studies, you may run across a nest, compressed of sticks and soft materials mingling among mesquite, low and well hidden.

Seldom will you see the road runner in a tree, for he is a lover of the ground and will flush to flight only in the direst circumstances, then into a thicket from which he will bounce into another rapid canter. He loves to walk and does so on a well-timed morning schedule, and apparently over his one chosen route, rain or shine. Either this, or I saw more than one bird — walking, walking, atop a rail fence, morning after midmorning, month after month. His strutting antics differed day by day, but never his amazing timing, and I came to expect him to remind me that the rural mailman would soon be along, and after that “How about some lunch?”

Only with spring did he disrupt this routine, but his presence was still felt in the enjoyment of what must be his mating call — hoarse ooh-sounds, running down the scale, over and over, but for whom they were intended I did not know, since no mate answered. Yet there was the nest with three ivoryish eggs, and with spring waning into summer, my Pagliaccio again — walking, racing, strutting, always alone, amusing me with his oddities and the mystery of his being.



To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
she speaks
A various language.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
Thanatopsis

The Spirit of Colonial Williamsburg

BY PATRICK McMAHON

DURING eighteenth-century “public times,” throngs of visitors came to Williamsburg, filling the many taverns to overflowing. Wealthy plantation owners opened their town houses for the season’s entertaining and men of affairs mingled with frontiersmen on the market square. Thus, twice a year, for the sessions of the Virginia Assembly and the Courts, Williamsburg came to life as the bustling capital of the vast Virginia Colony.

Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, George Mason and George Washington came to Williamsburg as students and young representatives. The ideas they formulated and discussed there became the ideals that built a nation.

Today Colonial Williamsburg has “public times” twelve months in the year. The eighteenth-century capital has been restored to its original beauty, complete with tiny shops, gra-

cious homes, boxwood gardens and taverns. Visitors from forty-eight states and five continents travel to Williamsburg for the unique experience of stepping into the past. Each year more and more people are able to look beyond the tranquil charm into the exciting, turbulent times of America’s fight for independence.



Courtesy of Horticulture





How much they are able to see is partially determined by what they bring with them. One new American citizen found that he saw for the first time what it meant to be an American. A New York teacher saw a "mile-square classroom of living history." And the casual vacationists riding in horse-drawn carriages have a glimpse of life in another era.

In the eighteenth century, the Virginia Colony extended west of the Mississippi and its capital, Williamsburg, ranked in prestige and importance with Boston, Philadelphia and New York. The first British colonists arrived at Jamestown, Virginia, and held their tenuous position there against Indians, privation and disease. In 1699, they moved to a healthier, more protected spot, Middle Plantation, renamed Williamsburg and designated the new capital of the Virginia Colony.

Six years before, a college had been founded there by royal charter and named for the British sovereigns, William and Mary. An old horseway ran the length of the village from the college to dwindle off in a swamp. This was the spot in which the Governor and Assembly set about raising one of the first planned cities in America.

The mile-long Duke of Gloucester Street replaced the old horseway and a handsome government building

was erected on the swamp end — the first in America to be given the dignified title of Capitol. The Royal Governor's house was completed in 1718, with such luxurious furnishings and gardens that indignant taxpayers called it the Governor's Palace.

TODAY's visitor can best understand Colonial Williamsburg by first seeing the Capitol, the heart of the city. Here in the House of Burgesses a newcomer to Williamsburg, the freshman legislator, Patrick Henry, protested the Stamp Act and proclaimed that "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example." Cries of "Treason" prompted him to add, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" Young Jefferson, a law student of George Wythe, stood outside the door to hear his impassioned oratory. In the handsome room of the General Court, John Marshall, another student of Wythe's at the College of William and Mary, listened to the arguments of his tutor and Virginia's eminent lawyer, Edmund Pendleton. It is easy to imagine him rushing excitedly from the Capitol to his teacher's home for further discussion of the day's briefs.

Visitors to Colonial Williamsburg can follow his path. On Duke of





Gloucester Street, once called by President Roosevelt "the most historic avenue in all America," is the Raleigh Tavern where young Tom Jefferson danced with the fair Belinda. Here in the Apollo Room, excited members of the House of Burgesses came to continue their discussion of the hated Stamp Act. And on a quieter evening, five students gathered to form the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Chowning's Tavern and King's Arms Tavern, popular hostelrys, again are open to quench the traveler's thirst and appetite.

Halfway up Duke of Gloucester is the Palace Green, bounded by the Bruton Parish Church on the west. Bruton Parish was the soul of Williamsburg as the Capitol was its heart. Here the Burwells, the Randolphs, the Pages and the Wythes worshipped.

The George Wythe House, another original building, faces the green. Its furnishings have been carefully selected as perfect examples of a distinguished eighteenth century residence. Such men as John Marshall and Henry Clay dined here with their teacher. Across the green is another exhibition building, the Brush-Everard House, typical home of a moderately well-to-do townsman. But at the head of the green stands the gate of Williamsburg's

most imposing residence, the Governor's Palace.

The rich splendor of the Palace, which made eighteenth century taxpayers protest wrathfully, has been reconstructed on the original foundations. The same type of gilded Spanish leather covers the walls of the Upper Middle Room where the governors received their friends, and handsome crystal chandeliers again hang in the ballroom where Thomas Jefferson played violin with Governor Francis Farquier. The formal box garden, holly maze and elaborate flower gardens again surround the Palace.

COLONIAL Williamsburg has not always looked so beautiful. On May 15, 1776, the Virginia Convention of Delegates passed a resolution directing their representatives at the Continental Congress in Philadelphia to move that the United Colonies declare themselves free and independent. This legislative act led directly to the Declaration of Independence. The same day, the British flag was hauled down from the Capitol to make room for the new flag of the Colonies. Soon the Revolutionary War was on and Williamsburg's glory was on the wane.

The government was moved to Richmond for safety's sake. General Washington and General Lafayette



spent three weeks in Williamsburg, planning the siege of Yorktown, and after its success, the wounded soldiers were hospitalized in the Governor's Palace.

During succeeding years, a series of fires burned the great buildings: the Palace, the Capitol and the Raleigh. Alterations and progress did the rest — the eighteenth century capital was overgrown and almost obliterated.

Late in the Twenties, one man's dream of seeing the town restored to its original beauty became a reality. The late W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton Parish, effected a partial restoration of his church and regretted it could not have the proper setting instead of filling stations, movie house and billboards.

His great enthusiasm for the idea prompted him to talk on his dream project before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in New York, knowing the members would also have an interest in the Society's birthplace, Williamsburg. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was a fascinated listener that evening. He came to Williamsburg to see for himself, and out of a series of talks the rebuilding of Williamsburg became a reality.

Excavations of the sites of famous eighteenth century landmarks became an archaeologist's treasure trove. Original brick foundations were un-

covered containing pieces of mantel tile and decorations just where they fell during the fires which destroyed the buildings. Pieces of china, showing patterns and shapes, broken cutlery, and bits of handblown bottles gave a clue to the types of furnishing used in the taverns.

WITH these tangible bits of evidence and old maps and drawings, the experts put together a fascinating puzzle — how Colonial Williamsburg actually looked down to the last wall sconce and piece of china. The researchers fanned out across the country and to the famous libraries of Seville, Paris, Rome and London. The keynote of the restoration was accuracy. Two of the greatest aids were the Frenchman's Map and the Bodleian copperplate. The map, owned by the College of William and Mary and drawn by an unknown Frenchman in 1781 or 1782, shows the exact location of every building in Williamsburg at that time.

The copperplate, found in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, England, was engraved to show the front and rear elevations of the Sir Christopher Wren Building, Brafferton Hall and the President's House at the College, and the only elevation in existence of the first Capitol and the Governor's Palace.



Writers of the period furnished more details, as did the painstaking inventories made by clerks and the Royal Governors. Thomas Jefferson drew an accurate floor plan of the Palace; old records brought to light the inventory of furnishings of the Capitol and Governor Botetourt's inventory of his library. More experts were sent on a world-wide treasure hunt to collect duplicates of the described furnishings. Great houses in London supplied many of the wall coverings and the magnificent chandelier in the Supper Room of the Governor's Palace was found, with only one tiny piece missing, in Hong Kong.

NOTHING is more important to the liveliness of a city than its shops. The busy craft shops of Williamsburg, open free of charge, hum with the activities of two centuries ago. In these tiny business establishments master craftsmen, authentically costumed, work with original tools.

Colonial visitors came to the eighteenth century capital for fun and entertainment just as they go to Chicago, Washington and New York today. Washington called it his "metropolis," and five times in one week he went to the theater to see the popular star, Sarah Hallam. America's first theater stood in Wil-

liamsburg. Although it has not been reconstructed yet, modern playgoers can enjoy the same farces and musical comedies which amused Washington. A troupe of players from the College of William and Mary present weekly performances on the specially constructed stage of the Reception Center.

Seeing Williamsburg can be done any season of the year. In the spring the gardens are filled with daffodils and tulips and the redbud trees, fruit blossoms and dogwood turn the whole town into a garden. The clear fall days are made more brilliant by colorful foliage and golden autumn gardens, contrasting sharply against the many evergreens and dark green boxwood.

Steaming bowls of spiced punch and buttered rum welcome the travelers at the most festive time of year, Christmas. Traditionally the town is filled with "white lighting," a candle in each of the thousands of windows across the town.

Costumed carolers make their rounds to the evergreen-garlanded doorways and every hall is decked with boughs of holly.

"Jollity, the Offspring of Wisdom and Good Living," is proclaimed in Latin over the mantel of the Apollo Room in the Raleigh and especially during the Christmas season it is the spirit of all Colonial Williamsburg.



In Defense of



ALUMNI

By Leroy T. Patton

IF ONE were to judge by the current unfavorable publicity that college and university alumni are receiving, the conclusion would be that graduates of our American institutions of higher learning are a crowd of playboys and academic racketeers whose activities are chiefly concerned with firing the current football coach and bedeviling the administrations of their alma maters.

From the standpoint of the alumni themselves, there is a more or less prevalent feeling — not without justification — that lists of alumni are regarded by the administration officers of their alma maters as sucker lists to be used mainly for soliciting gifts and endowments.

All of these attitudes toward the alumni are entirely unjustified and it is time that someone came to the defense of the alumni of our institutions of higher learning.

At the present time the most vocal criticism leveled against the alumni is the accusation, or at least implication, that alumni are respon-

sible for the unhappy lot of football coaches who are here today but tomorrow are cast into the oven.

Such criticism is unjust for several reasons. In the first place, in spite of all the high-sounding talk about the character-building influence of football and its benefit to the students, the fact remains that the coaches themselves have developed it into an activity which has for its one and only object complete victory over all opponents. It is in the very nature of modern football, which these same coaches have developed, that coaches must constantly go down to failure and consequent dismissal.

In the second place, it is not an inherent characteristic of alumni to constantly demand victorious teams or else. There are, of course, some of this type among college alumni just as there are for example alumni who drink, but it is no more logical to condemn all alumni as coach-baiters than it would be to condemn them as a group of drunkards.

Again, alumni are largely blamed

for the low state into which football has fallen in recruiting and paying athletes. It is not, however, the alumni as a whole who are to blame in such activities. As a matter of fact, it is only a small percentage of the alumni of any institution who engage in such practices. Legends of wealthy alumni who contribute fabulous sums for the support of crack athletes who are employed to pick the blossoms off the century plant make attractive stories but are without foundations in fact. Alumni in general are not rich enough to afford such practices and the ones that are cannot be so easily separated from their money — one very excellent reason why they are rich. The sinister practices of recruiting and hiring players for the most part cannot be justly laid to the door of the alumni but to other less well-known groups.

Among other unexpected developments associated with football, and to a lesser extent other sports, has been the rise of a class whose members find in the so-called support of a football team, i.e. financial contributions for purpose of hiring players, the same satisfaction that a millionaire does in the support of a racing stable. At a very reasonable price they see their colors in the stadium, and get a decided personal satisfaction out of investment in financing a winning team and a disproportionate adverse reaction over a losing one. Like their counterpart in racing they are quick to get rid

of a losing horse, and they, not the organized alumni, are responsible for the quick demand for the dismissal of a losing coach.

There is of course an indefinite line of demarcation between this class and the gamblers, and some of each class belong also to the other; but the professional gambler has fortunately not become a serious influence in American football.

But the blame for their activities is often mistakenly attributed to the alumni since the latter are closely related to the institutions concerned and are traditionally associated with a chauvinistic devotion.

And let's not forget the "fans." These are a fickle lot, and, if they do nothing more than cease attendance at the games, they put tremendous pressure upon those in authority to do something to remedy the situation and bring back the crowds. Again, the alumni who, with the possible exception of a very few of the older institutions, constitute but a small fraction of the spectators should not be held responsible for the influence of the defection of the spectators when the institution in question has a losing team.

THE institutions themselves are responsible for at least a part of the public's erroneous conception of the alumni and their activities. Ambitious administrators and boards of trustees who want to see their institutions in the headlines and

who believe that successful football teams "put the institution on the map" are more common than ordinarily realized and they are naturally anxious to liquidate coaches of losing teams. They are, however, willing to allow the alumni to take the blame for sending an undesirable coach to the academic guillotine.

It is not asserted that any administration actually dodges responsibility by directly shifting the blame to the alumni, and probably none do, but they certainly do not rush in to absolve the alumni in this respect.

ASIDE from the relation of alumni and their alma maters with respect to current problems of athletics there is another common attitude of higher educational institutions which should at least be deplored if not condemned. This is in regarding the value of alumni chiefly as sources of income and gifts. The use of alumni lists as "sucker lists" should be abandoned if for no other reason than that the practice induces a wrong psychological attitude toward the alumni.

That alumni should have an affection toward their alma mater and should occasionally express that affection with appropriate gifts is a commendable tradition, but that all alumni should be looked upon as groups to be wheedled into making gifts or paying tribute by high-powered alumni organizations

is prostitution of such a tradition.

Institutions of higher learning should recognize that the great value of alumni to their alma mater lies, not in gifts of money, but in their lives and their contributions to the day in which they live. Neither stately buildings nor princely gifts can equal in value the life of a Daniel Webster or a Henry W. Longfellow or even many a more humble graduate who has served well his day and generation.

I have seen them march away to two great wars. Some of them lie where they fell on the great battlefields of the world or in the soundless depths of sailor's graves. But living or dead, the lives that they have lived, the deeds that they have done are by far the greatest gifts that they could make to their alma mater.

The alumni of American institutions of higher learning are among the most valuable groups of present day life. A saner, more realistic attitude toward this great group of American citizens should be taken by the general public.

In this change of attitude, the institutions themselves should take the lead by abandoning the current shallow practice of regarding alumni only as sources of petty income or trifling gifts or as meddling groups intent upon embarrassing the administration or securing the scalp of coaches who have outlived their day of usefulness.



THE MYSTERY OF

Zimbabwe



BY W. G. LIPSETT



IN A LONELY, windswept valley in the highlands of Southern Rhodesia on the Continent of Africa stands a group of strange stone buildings. And in the shadow of these remote, crumbling fragments of what must once have been an imposing stone "city," may lie the answer to one of history's greatest riddles. For here may be the famed land of Ophir and the fabulous mines of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon.

The ruins of Zimbabwe, as they are now called, contain two imposing stone structures. Modern man has named these the "Elliptical Temple" and the "Acropolis."

The Elliptical Temple has no roof; it consists of a massive, oval-shaped wall over 800 feet in circumference. The wall has an average height of between 30 and 35 feet; at the base it is 15 feet thick, yet tapers till it is no more than 10 feet thick at its summit.

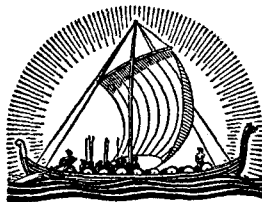
There are three main en-

trances in this strange wall, one each in the north, northwest and west, and inside, there are fragments of other walls, one of which extends for almost 400 feet. Along the greater part of its length, this inner wall runs so close to the outer one that it forms, with it, a narrow passageway, known as the "Parallel Passage." So narrow is this corridor that two people can barely walk abreast. In the southeast, where the inner wall curves away from the outer, two cone-shaped towers rise from between the walls. The larger one, which is solid, is almost 30 feet high and was once certainly higher.

The second structure, the Acropolis, was evidently a fort and perhaps it once stood within the wall system. Today it stands alone on a granite knoll which is topped with a jumbled mass of granite boulders. The Acropolis is made up of a system of walls, buttresses and wall pathways built over and



around these rocks. No masonry has been used in the construction of these buildings. The building units are hard, granite slabs of average size, 9 by 7 inches, cut from the numerous granite outcrops which dot the countryside. They have been shaped by hand with metal tools — tools which have left their marks on the stone. These blocks were carefully set in position and parts of the wall are so finely constructed that each stone still fits perfectly with its neighbor.



YET are these buildings of any great age? Who fashioned these walls and towers, the most imposing of some 500 stone buildings which are known to exist in this part of Africa? Why were they built? And these are fascinating questions — questions perhaps not without answer, even though they have been asked by many since the first modern white man, the Franciscan monk, Francis Silveira, set eyes upon the ruins in 1561.

There seems more than a little evidence in support of the tentative view, too, that these ruins lie on the site of the fabulous mines of Biblical times — of the time of the Queen of Sheba — even if the ruins themselves are not quite as old. Most important, they seem to have been built by a people foreign to this continent those centuries ago — white

people, the first colonizers of Africa.

The Bible records that the Queen of Sheba brought immense quantities of gold to Solomon — tons of the valued metal at a time. There is mention, too, of “Ophir,” that strange land from which the navies of Hiram and Solomon transported precious stones, gold, spices, ivory, apes, peacocks and silver, all worth untold millions of dollars.

The names “Sheba” and “Ophir” are in themselves connected with Africa. The name of an African river, the Sabi, which flows a scant 80 or 90 miles from Zimbabwe, may well be derived from “Sheba,” or as it was sometimes called, “Shebu” or “Sepu.” The name “Africa” might come from “Ophir” or “Ophr-ka” which would make both lands identical. And we cannot overlook the fact that parts of Southern Africa, especially Southern Rhodesia, are riddled with old gold-workings, for here, gold deposits are numerous near the surface. Some experts believe that as much as \$150,000,000 worth of gold has been recovered from these ancient mines. Rhodesia may well be the Biblical land of “Havilah.”

Many interesting objects have been found in the ruins of Zimbabwe: gold rings, necklaces and bracelets; fragments of gold wire, finely wrought; tacks and pieces of gold foil. This goldleaf was evidently

used for decorative purposes, just as it is today, for a few of the pieces have tack-holes punched along their margins.

A large number of rusted iron implements have also been found — hoes, adzes, chisels, spades, forceps and bronze and iron axes, arrow and spear heads, and iron double bells of strange design.

Many fragments of soapstone trays, bowls and pots have been unearthed, as well as pieces of Arab glasswork, variegated colored beads of “wound” glass, and, strangest of all, fragments of Chinese pottery dating from the Sung and Ming Dynasties of the fourteenth century.

BUT the most important of all finds was that of a queer, wooden dish and weird, bird statuettes fashioned in stone. The bowl has a raised carving of a crocodile at its center and peculiar symbols and hieroglyphs have been cut into its rim. The symbols were once thought to represent the signs of the Zodiac and the dish was called the “Zodiacal Bowl.” Many experts now believe, however, that the signs are meant to represent the various combinations of the “bones” or magic dice of an African “witchdoctor.” And yet, why have other bowls of this type not been found? Why was this discovered only among the ruins?

The bird statuettes are either falcons or eagles and are carved from a soft rock

known as soapstone. Set up on monoliths of stone, they have a definite “Egyptian” appearance. It has been suggested that these statues are replicas of “Astarte” in the hawk form.

Astarte was the “Venus” of Syria, similar to the Aphrodite of the Greeks, and identical to the god “Ishtar” of Assyria, Baal and the “Ashtaroth” of the Bible — the Ashtaroth which was worshipped so brazenly in the Biblical cities of Tyre and Sidon. The cult had its origin in ancient Egypt, where the goddess went by the name of “Hathor.”

Along the outer wall of the Elliptical Temple and quite near to its summit, there is a peculiar yet, to the archaeologist, a familiar design, a design which extends along the wall for over 200 feet. It is a chevron pattern, formed by placing thin slabs of carved stone end to end in a continuous zig-zag line so as to resemble wave-tops on a choppy lake or pond. This design is found on many buildings in the ancient world of the Mediterranean and is as old as the art of architecture itself. Presumably of Egyptian or Phoenician origin, it is the Zodiacal sign for Aquarius — the hieroglyphical representation of water and the symbol of fertility.

If Zimbabwe was once the center of a great gold mining and smelting industry, we would expect to find there furnaces or some such evidence of this industry. And molds and crucibles have been found in the ruins of the Acropo-



lis. A few of the crucibles in which gold was melted still have specks of the shiny metal sticking to their inner surfaces!

Most remarkable are the soapstone molds used for casting gold and copper ingots. The hollowed-out part of the mold which received the molten metal is in the shape of an elongated cross or "astragalus." In shape it is something like the human ankle bone which bears the same name.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact of all is that such molds would produce ingots almost identical in shape to the ingots of tin which the ancient Phoenicians used to cast. Such "X"-shaped ingots are also represented in a few ancient pictorial carvings, for example that on a victory pillar which stands at Deir-el-Bahari, Thebes.

THE various buildings of Greater Zimbabwe seem to have been built in accordance with some geometrical or mathematical pattern, like so many buildings of the ancient Mediterranean World. And there is more than a little evidence which points to an ancient Mediterranean influence in Southern Africa, evidence which is chiefly found in the form of paintings in caves.

The famous archaeologist, the Abbé Breuil, suggests that white people from the Mediterranean area trekked down into Southern Africa many centuries ago.

The pigmy bushmen, one of the

most primitive of the world's peoples, whose remnants now live in the Kalahari Desert in the mandated territory of South West Africa, were skillful artists and, in the past, painted many pictures of people, animals and hunting scenes in various caves throughout the country of Southern Africa. Some of the figures which they have depicted seem to be wearing ancient, Assyrian-type head-dresses, helmets or hats.

In 1920, a strange, painted figure was found in a cave at Brandenburg, S. W. Africa. The portrait, now known as the "white lady of Brandenburg," is of a red-haired, white woman of Mediterranean type. The Abbé, who has examined this painting, himself discovered another in 1949, in a cave in Southern Rhodesia. Five feet in height, it has distinct Semitic features, and was painted between two and three thousand years ago.

There are similar records of these foreign people in caves in the Drakensberg mountains in the Province of Natal on the east coast of Africa.

Dr. W. J. H. Punt, of South Africa, is convinced that the buildings were constructed by the local natives, but under the "supervision of individuals with a higher standard of civilization."

This scientist-archaeologist is determined to find the "lost inscription stone" of Zimbabwe. It is said that a stone with inscriptions on it once stood before one of the entrances to the ruins but at some time

during the mid-nineteenth century, it was removed by a Boer hunter who later abandoned it somewhere near the Limpopo River. Perhaps this missing stone is the clue to the origin and history of the strange "city."

It has long been suggested that the buildings are of Indian origin, for there is some evidence of a flourishing trade between the east coast of Africa and Ceylon and India, Egypt and China, centuries before Christ. And the fragments of Chinese pottery have been cited as proof of this. Others, again, maintain that the gold mines of the Bible were in Southern Arabia, the land of the Queen of Sheba or in one of her colonies, Ethiopia, now known as Abyssinia. Some said that the ruins were of medieval Bantu origin, dating only from between the tenth and fifteenth centuries. And yet, such stone structures and bird statues are peculiarly foreign to the artistical and architectural accomplishments of these primitive peoples.

IN 1950, two pieces of wood, parts of a drain, were discovered in one of the Temple's inner walls. One of the fragments was sent from Africa to the United States to be dated by means of the "radiocarbon clock" or "cosmic calendar."

Developed by Drs. Libby, Arnold and Anderson of the Institute of

Nuclear Studies, University of Chicago, this is, in itself, perhaps one of the most reliable means of dating relics from the past.

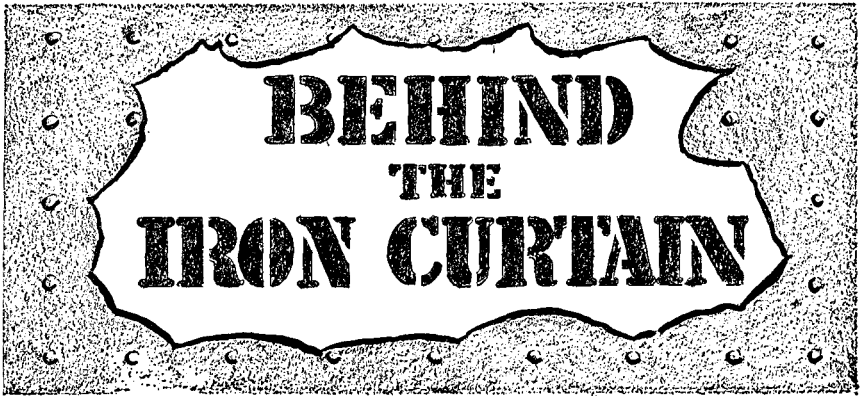
The piece of wood was identified as tambootic, a wood which strangely enough has been identified with the sandalwood which, the Bible records, was brought from Ophir, and was found to be between 1264 and 1494 years old.

Can we ignore the suggestion that the wood is much older than the ruins themselves? The tambootic tree produces a wood which is almost indestructible, and can still be used for building purposes long after the tree is dead. The living tree has a poisonous sap which has been known to blind men before now and, so some say, those who would use it for building purposes would rather obtain the wood from a dead than a living tree.

It is the reader's choice to ignore the fact — to form his own opinion, to draw his own conclusions from the facts which the writer has set out.

The mystery of Zimbabwe is a riddle whose answer may always delude man, for the builders of Zimbabwe have left behind no written records of their past or of their achievements. They have only left a few relics — and these grey, crumbling ruins which point to their vanished power and the unwritten pages of history.





Pattern of Red Conquest: People's Republic of Poland

By **ALAN SET**

WHEN Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge leaves his seat at the U.N. Assembly hall to have a chat with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, nobody pays much attention to the incident. What it means is that the American representative had something to say to the representative of the United Kingdom; and why shouldn't he?

But when Andrei Vishinsky, his face suddenly adjusted to a grimace expressing utter delight, rushes toward Skrzyszewski, and then both for half an hour go on back-slapping, rattling along and laughing until they cough, while other members of

the Soviet and Polish delegation stand by, politely smiling — this does make news, because nothing is meaningless in Communist attitudes. Therefore, Vishinsky's performance at the opening of the ninth session of the General Assembly of the U.N., and repeated several times during the course of the session, was rightly interpreted by Western observers as highly significant. But significant of what? Well, to find out what it meant appeared much more difficult to the Western minds.

In fact, hobnobbing between the Russians and Poles did not start this

fall at the U.N. in New York. It was already part of the Soviet diplomatic ritual several years ago, and in recent months became only more ostentatious. Judging from public manifestations both in the Western capitals and in the capitals of the Red Empire, Poland is today the star of third magnitude in the Communist galaxy. In official speeches and in articles in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, Poland is always enumerated immediately after the U.S.S.R. and China, and only then follow the names of the other "peace-loving People's Republics." In pictures, the representative of Poland always precedes all the other representatives of Russia's European satellites.

There is more proof of the Soviet's strange respect for its Polish prey. When last spring the Polish Communist Party (camouflaged under the label of United Workers Party) held its second congress, it was Khrushchev himself who was dispatched to Warsaw, to glorify the Polish People's Republic, together with the Soviet Union and China, as "the firm-as-a-rock base of the camp of democracy, the sturdy pillar which supports peace in the whole world." It was Malenkov in person who, last summer, at the Polish Embassy in Moscow sung praises to the "new Poland" at a dinner to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Poland's "liberation" by the Red Army. On the same day Marshal Bulganin was representing the Soviet Union at the Warsaw

celebrations. The highlight of Bulganin's endless harangue was to assure the Poles that they were considered by Moscow not as subordinates but as important partners and most cherished friends within the united front of 900 million people ready to defend their tremendous accomplishments against any foe.

EVEN more noteworthy was the unexpected visit Red China's Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Chou En-lai, paid last summer in Warsaw, while on his way back from the Geneva Conference. In his public message to the Poles, Chou En-lai — one of the few top-ranking figures in the Communist hierarchy, regardless of his recent apparent decline — not only acknowledged Malenkov's and Bulganin's assurances of Polish independence, but also expressed China's deep gratitude for the economic assistance she is receiving from the Polish government and people.

To definitely demonstrate to all the world how really independent it is, the Polish government, acting as if it were returning to the prewar and pre-Communist Polish foreign policies, one month later proposed to capitalist France the signing of a bilateral Mutual Assistance Treaty, along the broad lines of the Franco-Polish Alliance of the early 'twenties. After recalling that friendship between the two countries had lasted for many centuries, and reminding

them of the blood shed by Polish and French soldiers in the first World War, and again by Polish combatants in 1939-40, when they were fighting the armies of Hitler then allied to Stalin, the Polish note concluded:

"History has proved that France's security and independence and her role of an important state is compatible with the most vital Polish interests; it proved, too, that Poland's independence and the development of her strength lies in the interest of France. Therefore the pact of friendship and mutual assistance would play a particularly important part, linking the Polish and French nations by new ties."

Is it not the main privilege of a sovereign state to offer bilateral treaties to another sovereign country? Can one therefore still doubt that Poland is free, in spite of all the lamenting by political emigres, in spite of all one can read in "the biased capitalistic press"?

Let us not fool ourselves. It is true that Vishinsky goes out of his way to hold hands with Skrzyszewski; that Malenkov, Khrushchev, Bulganin, Chou En-lai and others do not omit any occasion to babble about their disinterested friendship toward the "liberated" Poles; it is true that in a recent speech, Boleslaw Bierut, Polish Red President, proclaimed that "never in her history was Poland more free, independent and powerful."

But it is also true that at present

there simply is no Poland, and this is the heart of the matter.

Spies and "Advisers"

At the top of today's Polish People's Republic there are three men, vaguely of Polish origin, Bierut, Berman and Minc, all of them shadowy Soviet agents since their early youth. The first two were trained before the war in the U.S.S.R. in special schools for Soviet informers abroad. The third, Minc, an economist by profession, spent 9 years until 1939, spying for Russia, camouflaged as an official of the Central Statistical Bureau in Warsaw. The army is in the hands of the Polish-born Soviet Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky. Another Soviet professional spy and officer of the N.K.V.D. claiming himself to be a Pole, Radkiewicz, heads the secret police.

Perhaps the most outstanding single fact in the ten-year-old history of the Polish People's Republic is that, with one exception, all the Communist big-wigs have remained in power since the very first days, when in 1944 they came to Poland in the wake of, or like Rokossovsky, with the Red Army. Heads were rolling in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria; bloody purges were taking place in Russia; Stalin died mysteriously; and Beria was shot. But Bierut, Berman, Minc, Rokossovsky and Radkiewicz were quietly minding their own business, signing decrees and prais-

ing in long speeches the incomparable achievements of the “fatherland of all the freedoms, the source of all wisdoms, the locomotive of progress, the most disinterested friend and ally Poland has in the world, the great U.S.S.R.”

The clue to this enigma is at the same time the clue to the whole present Polish reality. There were no purges in the Polish Communist high hierarchy, because there *is* no Polish Communist high hierarchy. The titles of Prime Minister, Under-Secretary of State, Vice-Premier, Commander-in-Chief or Minister of Public Security are fake to the same extent as their holders are fake. If the Prime Minister or the Vice-Premier commits a grave mistake, probably someone will pay for it, but not in Poland — in Moscow.

A Bierut or a Minc does not care, because he is not liable to be called to account, his only responsibility being to implement what he has been ordered to do, and this he certainly has done without dilly-dallying. He cannot be accused of deviation from the Communist line, because in point of fact he is much less a Communist than a simple Soviet agent. Gomulka, the only one of them who imprudently tried to be a true Communist, has been in jail since 1948.

IN THE Polish People's Republic, the most valuable piece of furniture to any official is the safe, the fireproof and burglar-proof recepta-

cle of written instructions received sometimes direct from Moscow, but more often from the hands of one of the innumerable Soviet “advisers.” This is true all the way down from Bierut's own palatial suite of offices to the shed of some obscure director of a *kolkhoz*, factory or mill.

Every day, and sometimes twice a day, *the man* comes in, and with a gay smile asks in Russian: “What is new?” He listens very attentively, taking down figures, names and remarks in his copy-book: then in turn he begins to talk, and what he says is an order. There is no use arguing or even discussing, as the man most usually simply transmits “advice” which on the strength of his report has been conceived somewhere high up, one does not even know where. Before leaving, the adviser may hand over an envelope containing his written recommendations. Sometimes the envelope is sealed and carries a note: to be opened on November 20, or December 1, or December 15. This envelope is the law. Out of such envelopes grew the Polish People's Republic, a strange but remarkable achievement, something like the Pyramids at Giza, illogical and frightening.

To obey orders is much easier and certainly safer than to issue orders, particularly as the advisers supplied the People's Republic with a smoothly working police apparatus, powerful enough to make the

mere thought of resistance senseless. And thus, while prisons and slave labor camps are permanently packed to capacity, the rather poor and the most devastated by World War II country rapidly grows into a little monster. Emaciated, ill clothed and sick at heart, men and women, young and old, are building a new Polish landscape of factory chimneys, shafts, dockyards, foundries and furnaces. A weird, Moscow-style skyscraper, high above the old beauty and modern shabbiness of Warsaw, unnecessary, as there is plenty of space, incomprehensible to people cowering in slums, symbolizes the new times, the Communist bugaboo, intimidating and strange.

Homage To Polish Pride

The Poles are a proud nation, brought up on the battlefields. They are used to being defeated by the overwhelming forces pressing upon them all through their history from the Teutonic West and from the Tartar, later Russian East. But they are also aware that no enemy was ever able to make away with them. Today the Polish People's Republic occupies approximately the same place on the map, where one thousand years ago ruled the first Polish historical king, Mieszko I. And it was one thousand years ago that the Pole, Mieszko — grandfather of king Canute the Great who became the first ruler of a United England — introduced Christianity into his

country, and thus placed Poland forever within the Western camp of nations. Such ties cannot be destroyed in the space of ten years by a swarm of Bolshevik "advisers," however shrewd they may be. But this does not mean that no danger exists.

The Poles today represent about one per cent of the world's population, which may sound negligible. They represent, however, about eight per cent of all the people within the Soviet Empire, which, considering the key geo-strategic position occupied by Poland, certainly means a lot. The present Polish army, some 500,000 men strong, with 200,000 more in police formations, is by far the most important among all the satellites. From the economic point of view, Poland ranks today as the fifth greatest producer in Europe, with an annual output of 89 million tons of coal, and one-and-a-half million tons of steel. Production of machinery is nine times greater than it was before the war, chemicals about six times greater, and there is today five times as much electrical power available as in 1939.

This tremendous economic development is due almost exclusively to the inhuman strain on the Polish worker, driven to toil like a slave by the system of norms, severe punishments for neglect, and an incessant propaganda for more output in the press and radio. At first, when the Poles thought they were

the ones who were taking over their country, laid waste by the war and the Nazi invader, there was sincere enthusiasm, a spontaneous urge to rebuild the ruins without paying much attention to Communism and to the rather alarming "friendship" displayed by their new ally.

It was not long, however, before the Poles discovered that they had taken over nothing for themselves, that what they were rebuilding from the ashes was never meant to be theirs, but their Eastern "friend's."

Could they resist the new invader the way they had resisted the Nazis so successfully? Attempts were made at open resistance, but they only proved that with Soviet troops within the country, with more Soviet troops to the East, South and West, with an all-pervading Soviet-controlled secret police, and with a government which is not their government, there is not the slightest chance of gaining anything by revolt.

Abandoned by the West, and bullied by the East into preparing with their own hands the destruction of a civilization to which they always belonged, the Poles are in a hopeless situation indeed. The incessant stream of escapees — mostly peasants or workers, but also two relatively well-to-do young MIG pilots, a translator on official mission in Korea, a skipper of a transatlantic liner, a representative at the U.N. and even a colonel of the infamous Secret Police — is the only tangible

demonstration to the outside world of the tragedy which a brave nation is living through.

IT is with the aim of correcting the anxiety and the deepening distrust of Soviet aims which the continuous reports by the escapees are beginning to arouse in the West, that Moscow has chosen to build up a fictitious picture of a powerful, free and independent Poland, which has her say on the international scene. At the same time, by paying lip service to Polish pride, Moscow hopes to win some friends within the country from among those very numerous Poles who desperately feel that they have been sold down the river by their Western war-time allies.

There is in Poland a small, but very active pro-Russian group. There is in Poland too a tendency, born out of her stormy history, to nurse the hope that things sometimes do not turn out as badly as one expects, that after all the Russians may also change. If astutely played, the Soviet game may bring about some results. And any result on this particular sector would be equivalent to another battle lost in the Cold War by the West.

At present, the Polish nation still represents an ally of the West, grimly waiting within the Red Empire for her hour to come. But the Poles are beginning to have misgivings. Shall we turn the tide? A difficult task lies before the West.

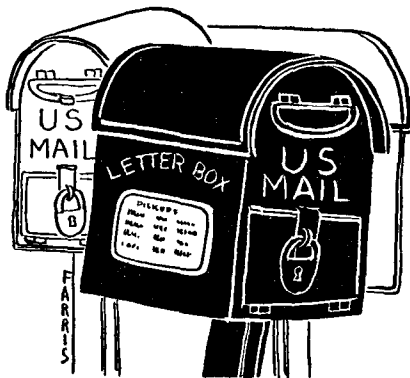
Letters to the Editor

» This is in reply to the article "Let's Encourage Defection in the Communist World," by Patrick J. Hillings. While I agree with Mr. Hillings that 1,000 Gouzenkos would strengthen the Free World's position greatly, I'm afraid Mr. Hillings has overlooked an important fact.

Giving former Red bigwigs special non-immigrant visas to the U. S. would be an offense to the hundreds of thousands of confirmed and fanatical anti-Communists who have never joined the Communist Party but, on the contrary, have always fought it; and who today have to wait from 3 to 5 years to be granted a visa to the U. S.

If the bill becomes law it will mean some valuable information, all right, but it will also embitter and strongly disappoint those many brave anti-Communists from — and still in — Russia's European colonies, who will start wondering whether it is worth while to be anti-Communist after all.

I should know the feeling of those people who lived for years in forced-labor camps and later in refugee camps, always hoping and waiting for the day when they'll finally be permitted to step on American soil and begin a new life in freedom. I should know because I'm one of them! I've gone through half a dozen camps and have been waiting for my visa to the U. S. for four years. I will have to wait, however, "several years more" to become "eligible."



I can give you my word that I'd definitely hate to see a Red so-and-so — however high his position and however valuable his information — who only yesterday served his Red masters devoutly, get in a few days that visa I've been waiting for so long; while I, a stupid anti-Communist, have to stand in line at the U. S. Consulate.

True, I've got no valuable information to offer. I didn't even have time to steal some documents before I fled the Red paradise. All I have is a great admiration for the American people and their way of life, and a will to fight Communism, Socialism, and fellow-travelers with all my might.

Whom do the American people prefer to have among themselves: me, or one of those skunks who four years ago would have hanged me head down if they had gotten me?

AL MONTIS

São Paulo (Moóca), Brazil

» The AMERICAN MERCURY is, I find, a wonderful antidote for the hypertension one develops in an America where "liberal" thinkers are forever making their sly compromises with Communism. Another great service you are performing for the nation's sanity is your Book List. Acting on its recommendations, I recently bought a copy of *God and Man at Yale*. Mr. Buckley's close-up study of how academic freedom works at Yale stirred me deeply. This book, it seems to me, would have a tremendous impact on any fair-minded, intelligent reader.

May your highly discerning editorials and articles be ever more widely read; may they influence more and more of us! My warmest thanks to all of you and your contributors.

EDW. J. ANDERSON
Golden, Colorado

» The AMERICAN MERCURY is my favorite magazine, and I take great pride and pleasure in being a subscriber.

CHARLOTTE C. STARR
Quakertown, Pennsylvania

» Boy, oh boy, what a magazine, the MERCURY. It is victuals and drink and pretty good lodging, as my Welsh grandmother used to say.

MRS. FLORENCE D. WATKINS
Cockeysville, Maryland

» I would like to say I liked the old bold, solid-color covers better than the "hearts and flowers" pastel covers being used now. I think the former were more suitable to a hard-hitting "Americanism" magazine than the latter. And for goodness sake, don't let the magazine go "hearts and flowers" or namby-pamby on us. I have been

recommending it to all my friends as a *must* for right-wing literature, and while a few articles on other subjects are all right, the outlets for "Americanism" literature are so limited I think the AMERICAN MERCURY should be devoted principally to the latter.

MRS. JEWELL STAGG
New York, N. Y.

» Yesterday I purchased the first issue of the MERCURY I have ever read. It will not be my last. Congratulations! You are doing a job that badly needs to be done.

Until last winter, I was one of the apathetic throng. Since then, my whole outlook on life has changed.

ELSIE H. LAIRD
Freehold, New Jersey

» It is impossible for me to put into words my thanks to you for publishing your fine, brave magazine.

It is my opinion that the socialists, "liberals," pinks, and anti-anti-Communists are a far greater menace to the United States today than the Russian Communists, for it is they who are paving the way for Russian assault, and possible victory, over the United States when the test comes . . .

Most Americans, I think, are "against Communism"; but many of them are actually helping the Communist cause by their apathy, political prejudice, or plain stupidity. These attitudes are often the result of lack of information, or misinformation. If the monthly contents of the AMERICAN MERCURY could be read, and understood, by all literate Americans, our country would be safe.

MRS. M. P. KEADLE
Williamson, West Virginia



The Grianan of AILEACH

BY GUY PRIEST

BELIEVED to date from a thousand years before the Christian era, the “House of the Sun” is probably the oldest building in Ireland. Crowning the summit of a Donegal hill, some five miles to the northwest of Londonderry City, it remains today an imposing structure from whose wide circular walls one looks out over hundreds of square miles of the ancient province of Ulster, the view embracing Counties Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Donegal, with the broad Atlantic a blue girdle about the green fields and purple mountains.

Each gray stone of this ancient palace and fortress—whose walls are seventeen feet high and two yards thick—is inscribed with history. As early as the second century, Ptolemy, the Greek geographer, marked it on his map of Ireland.

And three hundred years later, St. Patrick here converted to Christianity and baptized King Eoghan, after whom Tyrone and Inishowen are named, in the well just beyond the wall. This well is still a place of pilgrimage for those who believe that its clear cold waters contain miraculous powers of healing.

Almost a thousand years have passed since the palace ceased to be the seat of the Northern Hy Neill kings, who at that time held sway over half of Ireland. But in more recent history—a mere five or six centuries past—it was for long the stronghold of the powerful O’Neills, Earls of Tyrone, and direct descendants of the Royal House. To this day there is a legend in Inishowen that a troop of Hugh O’Neill’s horsemen lie in magic sleep in a cave under this hill of Aileach.

These troopers, so the story goes, only await release from the spell which binds them, that they may rally to their country's aid in time of trouble.

Once, long ago a man accidentally stumbled upon the concealed entrance of the cave, and, upon entering, found the troops lying fully armed beside their horses, their bridles in readiness in their hands. On the approach of the stranger one soldier awoke, so the story goes, and lifting his head, asked: "Is the time come?" Receiving no reply — for the newcomer was too scared to speak — he sank back once more into sleep, and so still remains. Yet, although its pageantry and splendor have long since passed away, this House of the Sun is still a place of mystery and solitude, to which the visitor may climb and, standing within its massive walls, ponder upon the centuries of recorded history and beyond while sunlight and cloud-shadow glide silently over the grass.

I FIRST VISITED the "Greenan" — as it's known locally — one evening after sunset, when the whole broad landscape lay hushed and shadowed in the purple gloom that steals through the valleys as night comes to the west. I had set out by car from Londonderry, and presently, quitting the main highway, followed a narrow, half-forgotten road winding away into the hills. The surface was broken and rutted

with mud, and skits of icy rain drove through the leafless trees and thorns which marked its course.

At a forkway, unmarked on my map, I took the wrong turning, and presently found myself in a farmyard with a reek of turfs smoke above the low roof of the house, and a half-door that was opened to my knock. A spatter of hail faced the woman who stood there, her red-gold hair of startling lustre tangled about her shoulders, lighting her Nordic features like the flame-glow from the sunset in the lough below.

It would be the Greenan I was seeking, I was told in answer to my question. Then I must go back to the forkway and follow the bawneen up the bray. I'd then see the castle away on the hill above. I was aware of the scrutiny of two pairs of eyes beneath unruly masses of identically vivid hair above the edge of the half-door; and I glimpsed several other children playing in the firelit shadows of the room beyond. Then with an uncanny feeling I'd slipped back several centuries I thanked her, turned my car, and drove away into the fading light.

Soon the road surface became even worse, the car wheels being guided by cart ruts with grass growing between. In low gear we climbed up, up, up above the valley with its ordered fields into the unfenced, almost treeless uplands, a wilderness of rocky outcrops and heather and scree. At intervals I caught sight of ruined cottages, their gray walls

open to the sky. And then I saw the dark shape of the fortress.

Leaving my car beside a wind-riven sycamore standing sentinel over a derelict farm, I set off on foot along a sheep track climbing the hillside. Turning to look down at the empty shells of the farm buildings, I was struck by the appalling isolation of the place, and the ice-wind came out of the northwest and completed the desolation.

But, as I continued to climb, the view presently opened out into such a wide panorama as can be equalled scarcely anywhere in Ireland. Seven hundred feet below, the broad waters of Lough Swilly spread away northward to where the winking red light of Fanad Head marked the open Atlantic. Westward beyond the lough rose range upon range of hills to the Derryveagh Mountains, where Errigal and Muckish and Aghla More raised dark peaks into the primrose sky. To the east lay Inishowen, with its whaleback ridge along Lough Foyle, Scalp Mountain, Eskaheen, Crockglass and the rest mantled with snow.

ANOTHER hundred feet, and I had reached the summit with the gaunt form of the fort or cashel now looming above me at my right hand. The sky slowly cleared as the night wind poured in from the sea, its sibilance among the heather the only sound breaking the stillness. The mountains were darker now,

and something sinister, the lough like molten lead, holding here and there a tongue of silver where it reflected the cold light in the northern sky. Far away down the valley the lights of Strabane winked and flickered like embers scattered in the wind.

Suddenly a scaup duck passed overhead, fighting to the marshes and harshly repeating its name. Then somewhere a grouse called among the heather. For the rest there was only the low wind voice upon an eerie silence which seemed to have endured in that place since the days of St. Patrick.

Inside the fortress the wet grass took the imprint of my shoes and the silence was complete. A little apprehensively I advanced to a stairway and slowly ascended. The walls were open to the sky, the interior circumference being built in three tiers, with flights of steps to each. Knowing of a belief still common in Donegal that circling the walls of this cashel in a sunwise, or clockwise, direction brings luck, I stepped out a hundred paces in following this edict and stood on the western rampart watching the last traces of day drain into the ocean. And pondering the origin of that superstition, dating back perhaps to pagan times when this Sun Temple was first raised in the dawn of history, it seemed to me that to these gray stones, past and present and future were one.



Their **Moving Problems Started a Business**

BY JOHN LARSON

FINDING a new house to live in normally holds no special fears for most Americans, who are probably the "movingest" people on the face of the earth. Whereas most European families live in one house for a generation, American families sometimes change houses as much as four times in the same period of time.

But even if Americans have no fears about looking for a new house, they nearly always run into plenty of problems as one couple recently discovered during their search for a place to live in suburban New Jersey. Happily, this enterprising pair used their experience to set themselves up in a business which has grown more rapidly than they had ever dreamed was possible.

When John Glander and his wife Tirzah began house hunting in northern New Jersey somewhat over a year ago, they had no idea it would lead to their going into business for themselves. But that's exactly what happened.

The Glanders, who have three

small daughters, hoped to find a modest house in a pleasant community within New York commuting distance. John worked as an account executive and sales representative for a national magazine. Both he and his wife had fairly definite ideas about the kind of town they wanted to live in, and about the kind of house they needed. And they had no intention of rushing into the first deal that came along.

The biggest snag the Glanders encountered was a lack of concise printed information about the various towns they searched through. They were overwhelmed with pamphlets published by local chambers of commerce or voters' leagues. But these were so detailed and comprehensive that weeks of careful study and reading were needed to get the few basic facts the Glanders wanted.

Typical of most American couples, the Glanders wanted all the pertinent information in a neat, trim parcel. As they discovered, no such thing existed. Then, why not get something together along these

lines for one of these Jersey towns? So, they decided to edit and publish a community magazine with lots of good-looking pictures and helpful information.

Since they had settled in Westfield, New Jersey, they agreed to make it the subject of their first magazine. The Westfield Board of Realtors, one of the most progressive realty boards in the entire state, got solidly behind the Glander project. John Glander resigned his New York job to devote full time to the new publishing venture.

THE FIRST ISSUE of *The Wishing Bell* was distributed by Westfield realtors to people interested in moving to the community. A thousand copies were printed and quickly exhausted. The circulation of the latest Westfield magazine rose to more than 2,200 copies.

Encouraged by the success of their Westfield booklet, the Glanders have expanded their operation and are now publishing quarterly publications about other New Jersey communities, including Ridgewood, Millburn, Short Hills, and the Plainfields. Working with the Glanders is Bernard Thomas, a high school journalism teacher, who serves as editor of the booklets. While Glander scouts around in his Opel (a German sports car which he has colorfully decorated with a "Wishing Bell" sign) selling advertising space and promoting the venture, Thomas is busy gathering editorial

material for the publications. It is the hope of its authors that the project can eventually be expanded to neighboring states.

The *Wishing Bell* booklets are basically handbooks about towns, designed to serve new residents or people who expect to settle in various New Jersey communities. Along with a description of the town, there are many photographs of its desirable houses for sale, schools, churches, stores, and civic buildings. There is also a handy directory of community services. The information is assembled in attractive fashion, with no effort to overpower or be pretentious.

Each booklet treats six main categories: convenience, recreation, education, community living, local government, and surrounding area. Also included is helpful information on such procedures as closing title on a house, change of mailing address, and transfer of school children.

The most recent promotion efforts of the Glanders for their publications have embraced airplane skywriting, a venture that aroused considerable local admiration, and a television program during which John Glander told his audience something about *The Wishing Bell* publications.

It hasn't been all easy going, of course. But the Glanders say the excitement and pride of owning their own business has always offset gloom and disappointment.

Mr. Crayfish Goes Commercial

BY MATT THOMAS

PIONEERS toiling across the hot, dry prairies of the Midwest often became desperate in their need for water. That which they came to generally lay in scum-covered puddles in the tall, brown grass and was unfit for drinking.

Then one day an enterprising pioneer dropped a long, hollow stem down a crayfish "well" and sucked up refreshing, cool water from its depths. The pioneers moved on, plying this new-found art and giving to Illinois — so the story goes — the nickname of the "Sucker State."

As a country, we've taken great strides since those hardship days of the pioneers. But Mr. Crayfish has come along every step of the way. Nowadays his principal claim to fame comes from his appeal to certain epicureans, both human and fish.

Country folks long ago recognized crayfish as a now-and-then mealtime treat. They would seine a bucketful of them from a nearby creek, strip off their tails, and then pinch out the inner white meat. They fried these tails like shrimp.

Or they boiled the crayfish whole, treating them like little lobsters, which, of course, they closely resembled.

Recently a Seattle restaurateur began capitalizing on the gourmet appeal of the fresh-water crayfish by creating a "specialty" dish and giving it a good advertising send-off. Boiled in water, marinated in wine and spices, and served whole and cold, Mr. Crayfish began drawing crowds. It stirred up a genuine "crayfish craze," attracting those who wanted to try something new and different, yet the fresh-water crayfish has a reputation centuries old among the cuisines of Europe — France, in particular — where they are specially bred for restaurant use.

In this country, too, Mr. Crayfish goes commercial on a really large scale in Louisiana. A traveler in the bayou country may be a bit baffled at first when he sees Negro boys standing along the highway dangling crayfish tied to sticks by a string. A fisherman traveler is convinced, of course, that these crayfish are for fish bait, and he's



likely to stop and buy some to use in exactly that way. But later he'll be surprised to discover crayfish iced with the lobsters, the crabs, and the fish in the market places and featured on the menus in the restaurants. Then he'll learn, if he's inquisitive, that the crayfish is big business in Louisiana. The annual harvest is more than 1,500,000 pounds, amounting to 80 per cent of the total commercial catch for the entire country.

In the restaurants, they are sold as *crayfish marinierre*, or *crayfish creole*. In the market places, they can be bought fresh, frozen, or canned — and under such names as *langosta*, *spiny lobster*, or *rock lobster*.

But Mr. Crayfish makes his biggest bid for popularity as a bait for black bass. With more than 17,000,000 licensed fishermen — most of them fishing fresh water and a large percentage of them after black bass — Mr. Crayfish is in heavy demand every fishable month of the year. And if a bass fisherman isn't after him, a bullhead fisherman is — or a perch, channel catfish, or bluegill fisherman. Mr. Crayfish, you see, suits the cravings of a long list of fish.

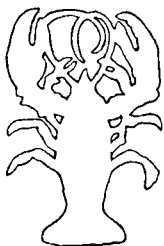
LIKE lobsters and other crustaceans, a crayfish carries its carcass on the outside of its body. To grow, it must shed this old armor occasionally for a new and better fitting suit. These times are especially trying,

too. First of all, the exertion of undressing sometimes costs the crayfish its life. It can easily become one of the ten per centers which, biologists say, never survive the ordeal. And if it succeeds, it is for several days a completely soft and tempting morsel, energetically sought after by many natural enemies. During these times — once or twice a year — the crayfish hides in the most inaccessible corners of its underwater home. Fishermen seek it out there, too, for at this stage it will be most attractive to a bass, even to a not-so-hungry one.

In addition to living in the water, crayfish — and there are a number of different species — live as burrowers on dry land. These are the "well" diggers which furnished water for the pioneers. Crayfish still dig their "wells," too.

And if you drop a stone down a crayfish "well," you can hear it go "kerplunk" in the water in the dark depths below. Country kids seldom pass one by. There's some sort of boyish satisfaction that goes with hearing the stones rattle against the wall on the way down.

By and large, the crayfish has an enviable and well-deserved reputation. Ask any bait fisherman — he'll defend Mr. Crayfish as vigorously as he uses him for bait. Ask a connoisseur of fine foods — he'll convert you quickly to crayfish cocktails.





The American Cottontail Goes to France



BY MILDRED J. ERICSON

A DOZEN cottontail rabbits from Missouri were recently captured from their briar-patch home and made a trip Americans would envy — an airplane journey to Paris, France. Why?

They are being considered as a new animal for France to replace the hare of Europe which was drastically decimated by a deadly virus in 1952-53, as related in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* recently.

Myxomatosis spread through the European hare population by the selfishness of a doctor who infected the rabbits with this deadly and rapidly spreading disease because the mammals were eating some of his herbs and shrubs.

Four bucks and two females were air-expressed to France on March 4, 1954, and a half dozen more on May 12, 1954, from Jefferson City, Missouri. All arrived in good condition. Knowing rabbits, there are probably more than this number now.

Events shaped up this way: "Will you send us some American rabbits for testing for restocking?" Mr. J. Barthelemy, Conseil Superieur de la

Chasse, of the French Ministry of Agriculture wrote the Missouri Conservation Commission.

"We'll be glad to, if you will run some tests for us," Mr. Melvin O. Steen, Chief of the Missouri Commission's Fish and Game Division answered.

"Agreed," replied the Ministry of Agriculture.

So the experiment has taken on a two-way relationship with France benefiting by the possibility of gaining a valuable game species and the United States acquiring some new knowledge of myxomatosis.

Among other scientific experiments, France wishes to try to produce some hybrid rabbits as the result of mating the European hare with the American cottontail.

The cottontail rabbit holds a good possibility of a successful introduction to France. It is believed (but not definitely known) that the animal is immune to myxomatosis. At any rate, it is the same genus (kissing kin to you) as rabbits in South America where myxomatosis persisted for years without wiping out the rabbit population.

Scientific tests the Frenchmen are conducting for us are to determine if our cottontail is subject to myxomatosis. American scientists do not care to run the tests in this country for fear the virus might get out of control and reach our game species. No danger can result from conducting the tests in France where the virus has been on the rampage. Biologists will be grateful for knowledge the French can supply.

"We're very interested in the virus because rabbits from Australia where myxomatosis was used as a biological control are shipped into the United States as food. The dead rabbits might or might not carry the virus—we'd surely like to know the extent to which our cottontail population could be endangered by this disease," so says chief biologist Dunbar Robb of the mammal unit of the Missouri Conservation Commission.

"If the cottontail rabbit is susceptible to myxomatosis," he added, "the state of Missouri would prevent the shipment of food rabbits from Australia. Other states would probably do likewise. We are anxious to protect the cottontail for the people of this country."

WHEN the European hare met its doom, the people of France lost an important source of food.

(Formerly some 20 million wild rabbits and some 5 million domestic rabbits were taken annually for food. "A lot of meat in the pot.")

The cottontail, if successfully introduced, would alleviate this condition, as it is held in high esteem as food. The meat is tasty and full of flavor and an average animal weighs approximately $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

The ammunition industry would flourish again, as nobleman and peasant alike would go afield for the cottontail. (In good rabbit years, some 1,850,000 Frenchmen paid about \$4 each for hunting licenses.)

However, the fur is not highly valuable, so this mammal would hardly aid the fur industry of France which also suffered from the loss.

The rumor has spread in Europe that the cottontail has an "immense appetite" making him undesirable as an addition for France. This statement is incorrect.

"There is no evidence that the cottontail has an appetite that is at all abnormal for an animal of its size," says mammalogist Dunbar Robb. "Our rabbit does not have a high metabolic rate and he eats no more than would be expected of an animal his size."

If the Yankee bunny will offer new food and fun for the people of France, only extensive experiments and time will tell. Their American cousins certainly hope so.



A President Proves His Point

BY BATES M. STOVALL

SHORTLY before leaving the Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt ordered that certain physical fitness tests be given regularly to officers in the armed services. They could take their choice of walking 50 miles in three days, peddling a bicycle 100 miles in that period, riding horseback 90 miles in the same time, or getting out of the service.

Roosevelt's order was touched off by a survey of older officers. He was shocked by their physical condition, which would have been cause for laughter if it hadn't been so tragic. One cavalry colonel, of all people, couldn't keep his steed at a brisk trot for half a mile. A major general was afraid to let his mount canter.

Cheers greeted the order in some quarters; cries of dismay, in others. A section of the press declared the President's action was the whim of a tyrant. Many of the older officers said the order worked undue hardship. Others needled their Congressmen to have it rescinded. A number of officers were forced to resign, since they couldn't meet the test.

Deciding to find out for himself whether the test was too rigorous, Surgeon General Presley M. Rixey, of the Navy, told Teddy he was going to take a 90-mile horseback ride, but would do it in one day instead of three. This struck the President as "bully," and he said he'd go along.

Rixey hadn't bargained on this. He objected vehemently, since he was afraid something might happen to Teddy during the ride. But Roosevelt was obdurate. Nor could his military aide, Captain Archibald W. Butt, who felt his chief wasn't physically able to make the trip, move him from his purpose. And, when the Surgeon General appealed to Mrs. Roosevelt, she told him it would do no good for her to interfere, as her husband's mind was made up.

Not that Teddy, himself, was enthusiastic about the ride, however. In fact, he told Butt he dreaded it. For it would be made in the dead of winter, and over roads of which some were in terrible condition. But

the President believed that if he showed the nation that he, who was not in training for such an ordeal, could ride at least 90 miles in one day without being laid up, it should not be too much to ask that military men, supposedly in the best physical condition, should be able to ride 90 miles in three days.

SO AT 3:40 A.M. on January 13, 1909, Roosevelt rode out of the White House grounds, bound for Warrenton, Virginia. With him went Butt, Rixey and Surgeon Cary T. Grayson, U. S. Navy, later physician and confidant of Woodrow Wilson.

The ground was frozen hard. The cold wind was knife-sharp. But Teddy, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat and black riding jacket with fur collar and pockets, continued on through the deserted streets. And soon the party crossed the Aqueduct Bridge over the Potomac and was on the road to Fairfax Court House, where a change of horses from Fort Myer awaited them.

At the President's express order, Butt, when requesting relays of horses for the trip, had given out that they were for some naval officers. He said nothing about their real use. As a result, the animals sent were among the worst at the cavalry post, instead of the best.

His faithful Roswell carried Teddy as far as Fairfax, but from then on the President rode cavalry horses until his return to that place.

This situation made the test of his order more than fair.

Leaving Fairfax, the party traveled at a brisk trot over the deeply rutted road to a farm house near Bull Run, where another change of horses was made. Unfortunately, the change was for the worse, for the animals they got were slow and rough. Butt's steed was downright vicious.

During the early part of the trip, the riders were doubtful of the outcome, but by the time they reached Gainesville, more than half way to Warrenton, everybody felt optimistic. And what if they *did* become more fatigued as they rode? Hadn't Teddy declared: "As our physical condition weakens, our morale will rise"?

Another change of horses was made, this time at Buckland. And now the road was like plowed ground; so the horsemen had to travel on the embankment. But they continued on, and at 11 A.M. rode into Warrenton.

As soon as the townspeople learned of Roosevelt's unexpected visit, they turned the children out of the schools, and everybody rushed to greet the first President to visit there since Franklin Pierce.

In a short time, about 1,000 people collected in front of the Warren Green Hotel, where the President was having lunch. Butt walked out on the veranda, and greeted them, but found it hard to make them believe Teddy had ridden from Wash-

ington. The people told the aide they were eager to see Teddy, and Archie replied that the President was just as eager to see them. Out came Roosevelt, looking fresh and hearty. The crowd cheered and clapped.

Teddy made a short speech to his delighted audience and then rushed into the dining room, gulped down two cups of tea and some soup, and came out to swing into his saddle for the return trip.

In the change of horses at Buckland, Rixey got one of his own, but Roosevelt and Butt still had to ride cavalry steeds. This time, according to Archie, the two were forced to ride "about the roughest troop horses which Fort Myer could turn out."

When the horses were being changed at the farm house, Teddy promptly took the chance to send Rixey to the rear and have Archie set the pace. This Butt did, by going slowly over bad stretches and galloping madly over good ones.

And now the party ran head-on into sleet and snow which bore down upon it with all the fury of a gale. The icy particles stung the men's faces like red-hot coals, but the riders pressed on and eventually reached Fairfax Court House safely. Here Roosevelt got his faithful Roswell back. And a good thing, too, for his master's glasses were now so caked with ice that he couldn't see ahead and had to trust to his steed to keep the road.

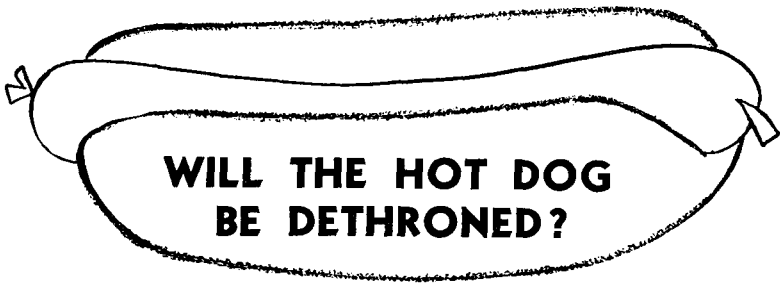
AT FAIRFAX, Butt had caused a telephone call to be put through to the White House, asking that a carriage be sent to meet the Presidential party at the Aqueduct Bridge. He feared an accident might befall his chief in riding horseback over the icy pavement of the city streets. But the aide's precaution came for naught. Teddy scorned the carriage. "By George," he exclaimed, "we will make the White House with our horses, if we have to lead them."

And make the White House they did. For at 8:30 o'clock that evening, Mrs. Roosevelt, peering anxiously from the window, saw four horsemen, followed by a carriage and by two policemen on bicycles, swing into the entrance of the White House grounds. In the lead was the President, his broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his face.

The mistress of the mansion was at the front door in a twinkling to welcome her ice-coated husband and his friends. This over, Mrs. Roosevelt served juleps all around.

The next morning, the President was at his office on schedule. And callers remarked they didn't notice anything unusual to indicate he had taken an arduous ride of nearly 100 miles the previous day.

By his ride the President showed that the test was not unreasonable. And incidentally, he revealed that anyone who tried to bluff Theodore Roosevelt would surely have his hand called.



WILL THE HOT DOG BE DETHRONED?

By Duane Valentry

THAT famous American institution, the companionable “hot,” may be on its way out — shouldered aside by an upstart intruder, and a foreigner at that. In years to come you and your children may decide not to have a hot dog; instead, you may order “fish-and-chips.” That’s the way the wind is blowing.

A fragrant wind it is, too. The wafted promise will have memories for many — it will recall for those who were once stationed in British villages in wartime the hustle toward shops displaying cards “Frying tonight.” For in those historic days when frying oil, fish and even potatoes were had in limited quantity only, these pleasant little shops often stayed closed.

Tourists abroad have long fallen under the fragrant spell. One who did was an American agent visiting the British Industries Fair in 1939. There, a small “chipper” had interested him. But it wasn’t until a return journey in 1949 that the tasty delights of fish-an’ made him recall the machine he’d seen. He placed

an order for one then and there.

Thus, casually, does fate turn her wheel. Today more than a million chippers have been exported from Britain to the United States and imitations are already on the market. And new thousands are tasting the gustatorial tidbit with extreme relish, and calling for more, with or without relish. The hot dog? They’ll take fish-an’ for now, thanks.

In case you’ve yet to meet this invader, gird on your best armor. For the toothsome dainty isn’t easy to resist. The golden fried fish, the thinly-fried potatoes accompanying, these have a certain undeniable appeal — an appeal that’s now evident in Canada, South Africa and Australia.

British brides of American G.I.’s bear much of the responsibility for introducing the fish-and-chip habit. Where they come from it’s a favorite Saturday night supper and they’re making it just that for appreciative U.S. husbands now. Crisp and buttery, the fish-an’ need take a back seat to none.



The American Universities and Senator McCarthy

By Reginald Aldo

SENATOR McCarthy and his valiant fight against the Communist conspiracy in this country has become a highly controversial issue. Many of us who are keenly aware of the serious danger of Communist infiltration in Government and other crucial institutions lend support to McCarthy's aims, and his battle to realize these aims; but there are others who actively oppose him and criticize his every action.

His enemies, like his friends, come from various walks of life. However, if we take a closer look at his enemies, an odd fact comes to light: the greatest number and the most violent of his enemies are found among the faculties and students of the nation's colleges and universities. According to a recent Gallup poll, a higher percentage of unfavorable

opinion about McCarthy is held by college graduates than by any other educational, professional, or geographical group. In almost every part of the U.S., the universities and colleges are centers of McCarthy opposition. Let us look at, but a few typical examples.

When McCarthy made a speech at Smith College on April 10, 1952, the audience, composed of students and faculty members of that college, hissed the Senator and showed a great deal of animosity and disrespect while he was speaking.

A similar exhibition of vicious hatred and disrespect took place at Princeton University, while McCarthy was addressing an audience there.

Also at Princeton, a freshman was dropped from membership of a non-

political organization by his fellow students. His crime? He dared to take a stand in support of McCarthy in a letter which he wrote to the editor of the college paper.

Earlier this year, a large number of students at the University of Texas rallied in protest against McCarthy, and circulated a petition trying to prevent the Senator from making a scheduled speech — not at the university, but at Houston, more than 150 miles away.

SDA chapters, the student affiliates of the ADA organization, whose only apparent purpose is to run down Senator McCarthy's aims and accomplishments, are active on college campuses across the nation.

Noted academic personalities, including college presidents and nationally known scholars, again and again make derogatory public statements about McCarthy and his anti-Communist activities. Appeals to the public to oppose McCarthyism made by professors have become commonplace.

Scores of professors who have been called before Congressional investigation committees have refused to testify about the pro-Communist activities of themselves or their colleagues. Almost without exception they have sought refuge behind the Fifth Amendment, refusing to state whether they are or have been members of the Communist Party. Some of them have later revealed to the press that they

were far from being Communists, but that they invoked the Fifth Amendment merely because they wanted to have no part in Senator McCarthy's "witch hunt."

It is true that there are some supporters of McCarthy on our nation's campuses, but they are few and far between, and generally scorned. The great majority of the students and especially of the faculty members of the nation's universities actively dislike Senator McCarthy, and will go to great lengths to make their views widely known.

WHY should it be in our nation's colleges and universities, which presumably harbor the more intelligent part of our population, that we find such a great deal of blind and naïve hatred for Senator McCarthy and his fight against Communism?

Is it because all of our academics are Communist sympathizers, or is there some more general, more fundamental reason behind this irrational opposition?

McCarthy's enemies in American colleges fall into three main groups. First, those who are actual Communists, i.e. Party members, together with their fellow travelers; then the group composed of ardent Democrats; and finally those who are Republican or politically independent, and who will tell you that they are very much against Communism, but they don't like the "evil abuses of McCarthyism."



Inasmuch as Communist infiltration in America has reached alarming proportions since the end of World War II, it is inevitable that there should be some Communists among our students and faculties. The Communists realize that in placing their people among the students and on the faculties of colleges and universities they can exercise a tremendous influence. Students are taught to look up to and respect their professors, and if the latter are Communists, they have ample opportunity to poison the minds of our students, to mold their opinions and twist their thoughts in Communist or socialistic directions and they make the most of this opportunity.

Senator McCarthy has done his share in exposing such Communists, placed highly on the faculties of American universities. We need only remember the cases of Wendell H. Furry and Leon J. Kamin of Harvard University, both confessed Communists. In addition to these, many more Fifth Amendment Communists have been uncovered in American colleges. But nevertheless, the number of actual Communists and active fellow travelers in the nation's colleges and universities is relatively small. While they are very active and extremely dangerous, they are few in number.

Their reasons for disliking McCarthy and for stirring up vicious hatred against McCarthy's anti-Communist battle are obvious. Mc-

Carthy is doing his utmost to expose them, to prevent them from carrying on their subversive activities.

THE second group of McCarthy's opponents on our college campuses is composed of ardent Democrats who put their partisan feelings and party politics above the nation's security and well-being. Their reasons for disliking McCarthy are likewise easily understood. They know that, almost without exception, the Communists present in Governmental agencies today were allowed to infiltrate into these agencies during the previous Democratic administrations. They are aware that in exposing these Communists, McCarthy is at the same time demonstrating their own laxity in dealing with the Communist conspiracy.

The third and by far the largest group of McCarthy's enemies in American colleges is the most mysterious and difficult to understand. This group is composed of academic men and women who are, for the most part, sincerely opposed to Communism, but whose vigorous enmity towards McCarthy matches that of their Communist and Democratic colleagues. If asked, they will tell you that they are very much concerned about checking Communist aggression throughout the world, and Communist infiltration in America, but that they cannot approve of McCarthy's methods for doing so. They denounce the Senator for being rude, unfair, and for employing

tyrannical methods. They believe he should be more gentle and more considerate of the feelings of others in his battle against Communism. This attitude is a fundamental part of the academic viewpoint.

When the academic person is faced with a controversial problem which demands a solution, how does he go about handling it? He will meet with his colleagues, possibly over a cup of coffee, in a round-table discussion of the various aspects of the problem at hand. The solution of the problem will thus be a result of reasoning and a mutual respect and consideration for others' opinions.

This attitude has grown out of the classical form of debate, in which elegance of presentation and sportsmanship were considered to be more important than the outcome or conclusion of the debate. The academics would like to apply the same method in fighting Communist infiltration. What they do not realize is that the academic method for dealing with situations is useless in fighting the Communist conspiracy.

In the first place, the outcome of our battle against the Communist conspiracy makes a great deal of difference. It is a question of the survival of this nation.

Furthermore, the solution of a problem through discussion can only be successful if your opponent is willing to return the same courtesy and consideration which you show him. This is not true of the Communists. Their activities are subversive.

You can no more talk Communists out of Government than you could talk an onrushing lion out of molesting you. Just as you would have to shoot the lion to save your life, you have to go and pull the Communists out of Governmental and other positions, by their hairs if necessary, to prevent the destruction of the American form of free government.

TO THIS argument they will reply that the Communist conspiracy cannot be compared to a lion, that its danger, if any, is small. This statement betrays an ignorance of Communist methods which is widespread among the students and faculties of American colleges. Most of our students and professors, in their relatively sheltered lives within the walls of their universities, have not come into immediate contact with the Communist conspiracy. They have never had to deal with the real problems of Communist infiltration; they do not know that the Communist has no regard for others' opinions or even lives, that he will make use of the very privileges and persons he is about to destroy, that he will stoop to every perfidy to accomplish his evil aims.

The anti-McCarthy academic knows not of the suffering endured by those unwillingly under Communist rule, of the midnight visits of the secret police, and of life in the Siberian slave camps. Communism will stop at nothing. It cannot be fought in the manner of playing an

intellectual game. It must be opposed vigorously and actively. So far Senator McCarthy alone has had the courage to use the only methods which are effective in opposing Communist infiltration.

The outcries against McCarthy's methods made by the anti-McCarthy academics are thus more a manifestation of ignorance than of maliciousness or Communist sympathy.

Sooner or later they must realize that the Communist problem is not "a crisis expertly manufactured from the excesses and posturings of Senator McCarthy," as a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial entitled, "Deplore McCarthyism but Keep an Eye on the Reds," states, but that it constitutes a real and immediate danger to our time-honored institutions.

THERE is yet another reason why such a great number of students and faculty members are opposed to McCarthyism. Many of them consider themselves and their opinions as superior and above criticism; in short, they are snobs. It is their belief that since they are the educated elite, it becomes their duty to criticize the Senator and his "anti-intellectual appeal," as they call it.

This attitude is demonstrated in the Smith College newspaper, *Scan*, which appeared on the day following McCarthy's speech at that college. The outraged editor asks: "Did McCarthy forget he was speaking to an educated audience . . . to a college steeped in objectivism?" . . .

Similar editorials in other college newspapers self-consciously scream that universities are centers of independent thought, and that their existence is under attack by the narrow-minded attitude of Senator McCarthy.

But have they not fallen into their own trap?

Is not their opposition to McCarthy itself a manifestation of extreme narrow-mindedness and conformity to a stereotyped pattern?

What about the curious fact that, almost to a man, college professors will refuse to testify whether or not they have been members of the Communist Party? Many of those who invoke the Fifth Amendment have no need to do so; they are not Communists, nor have they ever been. Why, then, don't they say so?

Frequently their refusal to testify is merely a naïve expression of spite. One would think that it would prove to do the professors more harm than good. This is not actually so. The professor returning to his college after having thrown the Fifth Amendment in McCarthy's face suddenly finds that he has won the acclaim of his colleagues. By refusing to defend his innocence, he has become a hero overnight.

A college professor's life is an unglamorous one. The press generally does not bother to inflate his ego. So, if he can gain sympathetic newspaper headlines and the general approval of his colleagues by going to Washington, and — flanked

on both sides by reporters — telling McCarthy to go to hell in so many words, why not? He has little to lose. Refusal to testify has become a fetish exaggerated to a point of absurdity among the faculties of American colleges.

All of these attitudes are typical of the self-consciously intellectual and supercilious pseudo-intellectuals prevalent among the student bodies of American colleges. Fortunately, not all of the students and faculty members of American colleges are opposed to McCarthy. There are some who are seriously concerned about the problems facing the world today, and who favor the adoption of realistic methods for dealing with

these problems. Through the continued exposure of Communists in Government positions, more and more of them awaken to the imminent danger of Communist infiltration in this country. Gradually they also begin to realize that Senator McCarthy's methods for dealing with the Communist conspiracy are the only ones which have proved to be effective.

It is high time that the rest of our academics sat down and appraised their own opinions and prejudices with honesty and intelligence. If they share Senator McCarthy's noble aim to rid this country of Communist infiltration, they must be willing to do their share in the fight.

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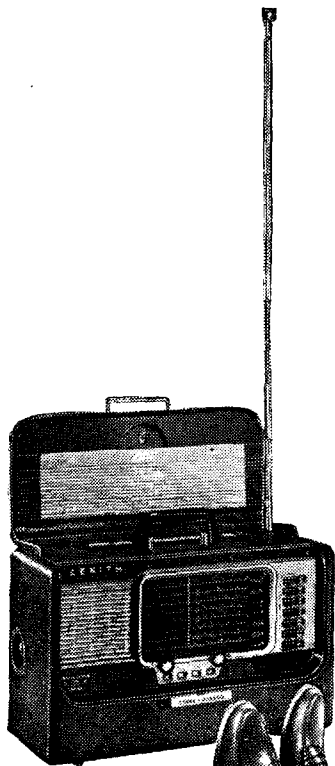


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